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MEMORIALS OF

CHARLES DIXON KIMBER

LIEUT. 48TH CO. IMPERIAL YEOMANRY

BY HIS SISTER

ADA THOMSON

London: James Nisbet & Co., Limited
21, Berners Street, W
1902

Geo. Lamb
Charlie

Geo. Lamb
Charlie

to Lord Ennismore, Colonel Holland, and other officers and men who, by their kind advice and practical assistance in various ways, materially helped my brother in his escape from Nooitgedacht.

To General Gordon, his Staff, officers and men of the 1st Cavalry Brigade, who showed him many valuable kindnesses on entering their camp after his escape.

To those ladies and gentlemen at Johannesburg and Elandsfontein whose loving kindness, hospitality, and true Christian sympathy and prayer were the means under God of refreshing and strengthening his spirit for his last onward journey.

To General Dixon, Lieutenant Woodiwiss, and other officers of the 48th Imperial Yeomanry, who described to several members of the family every detail of his heroic end, and paid the last and fullest tribute to his memory.

To several troopers who have written kind letters, and sent sketches of his grave.

To Captain Ernest Hely, for his valuable contribution to this work in the vivid description he has written of their escape together from Nooitge-

dacht; and to several friends for the loan of letters from my brother, and for permission to use them, which letters have largely contributed to the completeness of this little Memoir.

Lastly, but not least, my loving thanks are offered to her, who to my brother was the most dear, for many of the extracts from his letters, and for all the extracts from his diary.

I cannot close this Preface without stating how deeply grateful my late beloved mother was for all the kind letters about him which she received up to the time of her death on October 7th. Some of these letters reached her only a few days before she died, when she realised to her comfort that she would herself very soon see him with Christ in Glory.

ADA THOMSON.

February, 1902.

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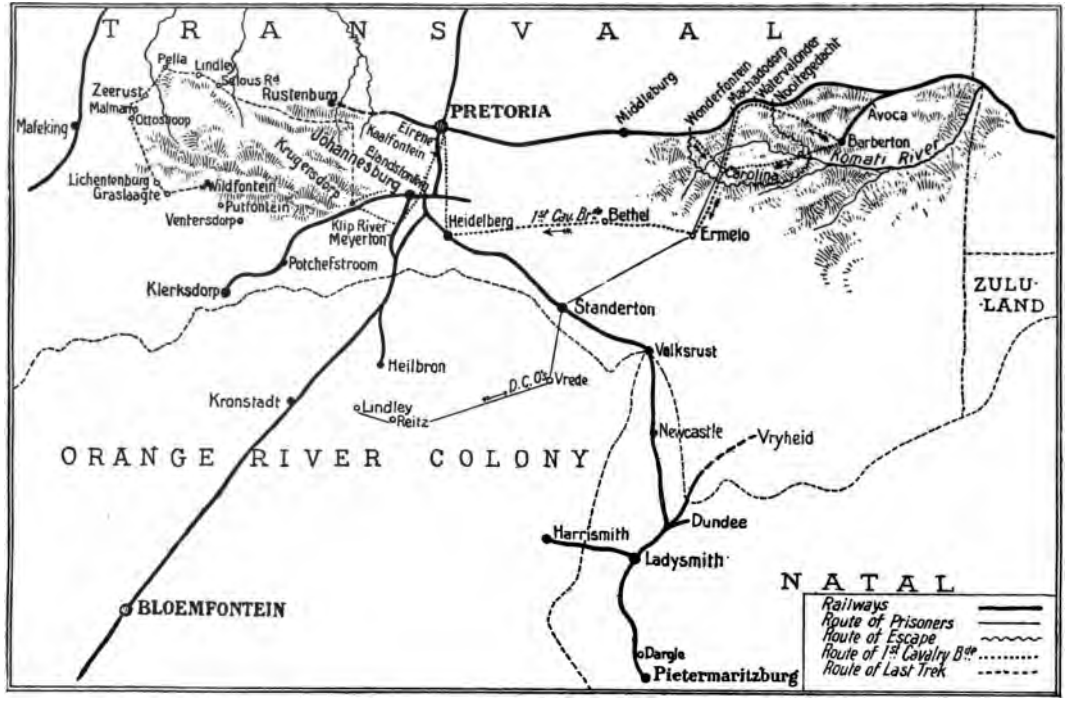


MAP OF COUNTRY TRAVERSED BY C. D. KIMBER.

CHAPTER I.

LIFE BEFORE THE BOER WAR.

> Who sows in spring the seed of stainless youth,
> By love of virtue, and by quest of truth,
> He reaps the harvest of a noble life
> In peaceful toil, or death in strenuous strife.

CHARLES DIXON KIMBER was the second son of Mr. Henry Kimber, M.P. for Wandsworth, and, on his mother's side, was grandson of the late General Charles Dixon, of the Royal Engineers.

He was born at Wandsworth on the 24th of October, 1863, and was educated with his elder brother, at first privately, then at Epsom College, where he remained for nearly ten years.

There was nothing especially to mark the earlier days of Charles Kimber's boyhood. He joined freely in all the usual sports and functions of a public school, and carried off a fair share of its honours. His character, always amiable, combined

a very large fund of humour and light-heartedness with serious thoughtfulness and a deep sense of the responsibilities of life. In illustration of this it may be mentioned that when yet a boy at school he wrote in a letter to his elder sister:—"I went with Percy to the Downs Cemetery this afternoon. It is a nice little place, well kept, and with two pretty chapels in it. There is a memorial there to a young officer named Northey, who was mortally wounded in South Africa in the late war. There are other interesting tombstones. I think it is a nice place for a Sunday afternoon stroll. It helps one to think more seriously, and to see the vanity of our short lives and the worthlessness of them *if lived to pleasure and self.* I hope you won't think I am philosophising and canting, but one can't help thinking now and then of such things."

This thoughtfulness was soon to take even deeper root. In the autumn of his eighteenth year, together with the rest of his family, he was staying at Llandudno, and attended a Mission held there by the Rev. Hay Aitkin. It was through a sermon, preached by this faithful servant of God on the verse, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God," that it was forcibly brought home to Charles Kimber's inner consciousness, by

the power of the Holy Ghost, that he, too, was among the "all" who had sinned, and needed to be accepted in Christ, before the barrier which sin sets up between the soul and God, could be removed.

For some little time he was much depressed, being unable to see that his sense of sin and need of cleansing were the only claim to the Saviour's acceptance, that the acknowledgment of these to Him, and the exercise of faith in His all-atoning sacrifice, were the only way of pardon and peace. He returned to school when the summer holidays were ended, and some quotations from another letter to the same sister will serve to show how Divine grace was working in his heart, and revealing to him Jesus Christ as his own personal Saviour. He writes:—"I don't feel as if I love God enough; and although I have given myself to God on my knees with my *lips*, yet I don't seem to have that peace which the world cannot give. I don't know what it is that is keeping me thus from God. I have prayed to know what it is. I think my faith is weak. You know that M. used to say how miserable I looked last holidays, and that Christ's religion ought not to make us miserable. This used to come home to

me, as I felt I was not Christ's true servant. I was doubting. But I still hope to become God's faithful servant, and to gain His peace." How fully this hope was realised will be seen later.

During Charles Kimber's last term at school, when he held the responsible position of a Prefect (at a time when the school was passing through one of those crises which very often arise in the history of all our large schools), he wrote again:—"I think if there is one virtue needful to me at Epsom College more than another, it is moral courage. Of course you and I are differently situated, and your temptations may not be like mine, but I feel sure if you were here in my place you would feel one wants a fair amount of courage to do his duty well. Perhaps it is because I am so deficient in this point myself that I think so much is needed."

How marvellously did the grace of God transform this natural deficiency of character, when later on it made him conspicuous before the world for courage of the very highest order—a courage which can be evidenced by those alone who know in whom they believe, and are persuaded that He is able to keep that which they have committed unto Him.

However, this felt need of moral courage in the discharge of his duties as Prefect could not have been noticeable, for on his leaving school, special reference was made by the Head Master, the Rev. Dr. West, in a letter to Charles Kimber's father, to the faithfulness and fearlessness with which he had fulfilled those duties during the trying time above referred to.

Thus in faithful adherence to duty he was led on to a higher faith and consciousness of God's love to him personally.

In reply to a birthday letter from his elder sister, who sent him as a new year motto the text, "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus," he writes more cheerfully:—"Please accept my best thanks for your birthday letter and wishes. My birthday would not have been complete without them. . . You could not have chosen a more suitable text, to my mind, for my birthday; it is a favourite one of mine, and I can assure you . . . . I was keenly sensible that day of the grace of a Heavenly Friend and loving Father."

In another letter to this sister, he writes:—"As to my future career I have decided, D.v., to become a lawyer. Pater wrote me a long letter explaining

that much could be done for God in a lawyer's profession. My health might not stand the night work of a doctor. May God grant His blessing on my choice. You know money is power nowadays, so we ought not to despise the Law as a money-making profession, if we can do so much good with the money so obtained."

It was during his last summer school vacation that he formed a resolution which he adhered to through life. He and the sister before mentioned read together Dr. B. W. Richardson's book on "Total Abstinence." They were so convinced by his arguments that it was wholly unnecessary to the well being of our bodies to take alcohol, and that anyone of ordinary constitution was the healthier and sounder for totally abstaining from it, that Charles Kimber drew up a form of private pledge, resolving to abstain from all alcoholic drinks and beverages, except when for medicinal purposes they were required. This they both signed. From this time forth he warmly advocated abstinence from alcoholic drinks as beverages. Some of his allusions to the efforts he made in this direction reveal the humorous side of his character. He writes from school, and says:—"I am glad to hear that M—— and A—— are on the abstaining

principle. You seem more successful in making converts than I am, as I suppose it was through you. You see *girls* you can frighten, and easily persuade by convincing them it is ruinous to their complexions, but it is not so easy with boys! I believe I am the only total abstainer here, but I have great arguments with some of the boys, and utterly beat them, especially my dormitory. I am getting a more and more confirmed abstainer every week; I can tell you there are not many here who hold to our abstaining views. H—— continues to argue and call it names, but I let him go on. Poor fellow! He does not know any better. There is one thing I haven't yet heard, *i.e.*, of a convincing proof that evil effects have come from abstaining from alcoholic drinks, and I wish you would let me know if you ever hear of one."

He concludes, "With much love from

Your loving abstaining brother,

CHARLES KIMBER, T.A.

"P.S.—Tell Pater about our abstaining principles."

At midsummer, 1882, Charles Kimber left school, and in September of the same year he sailed with his father for America. A short stay was made

in New York City, allowing, however, sufficient time to visit relatives, and see many places of interest. From there they travelled to Niagara, where the usual exciting, adventurous expedition on the rocks under the Falls was made. From Niagara they journeyed across the United States to San Francisco. They then took ship to New Zealand, stopping at Honolulu, and on to New South Wales and Queensland. Here they had the novel experience of riding far up into the interior of the country, seeing something of bush life. After making a short stay in some of the principal towns and settlements of Queensland, Charles Kimber and his father returned *viâ* Sydney overland to Melbourne, then by touring steamer round the south of New Zealand, visiting Milford Sound, and thence home after a delightful tour extending over some six months.

In the autumn of 1883 he matriculated at Oxford, and entered Merton College. Soon after he went up he joined the University Volunteer Corps, and soon became a first-class shot. He was given his commission in March, 1885, attended a school of instruction at Wellington Barracks in July of the same year, when he obtained his Captain's certificate, and was promoted

Captain in November, 1886. He was an efficient member of the rifle corps the whole of his time at Oxford, and was the officer in command of the College Detachment for half his time. On one occasion, while the battalion was in camp on Headington Hill, he was selected to perform the duties of Adjutant, that officer being called away. At the time of the Trafalgar Square riots he enrolled and acted as special constable in Wandsworth. He resigned his commission in the volunteers at the end of 1888.

During his three years' residence at Oxford he was a diligent student, but thoroughly enjoyed and entered into the social side of University life, never forgetting his teetotal principles, which he openly and actively supported. At the close of his University course he took his B.A. degree, and afterwards his M.A.

After leaving Oxford he devoted himself to the study of law in his father's office. He passed in due course the usual legal examinations, and was admitted a solicitor in January, 1890. He subsequently became a partner in the firm of Henry Kimber & Company, of Lombard Street, E.C., in connection with which firm he practised up to the time of his departure for South Africa.

During the winter of 1898-9, Charles Kimber accompanied his father on a three months' visit to Egypt and the Nile. They spent some time at Cairo and Heluan, where they met many friends, and made the acquaintance of not a few interesting fellow-travellers. The entries in Charles's diary show that he enjoyed social intercourse with many of his fellow-countrymen and others who were travelling in search of health, pleasure, and enlargement of knowledge, and that amongst these were some gentlemen occupying distinguished positions in the State and in the Army.

Mr. Kimber and his son ascended the Nile as far as the Second Cataract and Wady Halfa. They made their observations upon the present condition of the Egyptian people, and explored the intensely interesting remains of Egyptian antiquity which abound upon the banks of the famous river. As a matter of course, they visited the Pyramids, and the ruined temples of Luxor and Karnak in the neighbourhood of Thebes, the ancient capital of Upper Egypt. From Assouan, near the first Cataract, they visited the marvellous ruins of the ancient temples on the Island of Philæ. It need scarcely be said that, to a cultivated mind like

that of Charles Kimber, these experiences afforded the keenest enjoyment, and that he regarded it as a great privilege to have the opportunity of viewing these incomparable monuments of the most ancient of civilisations.

Of his home and social life it may truly be said that he faithfully fulfilled all its relations. He was ever the dutiful son, the kind and sympathetic brother, the true friend, ready always to lend a helping hand where needed, or give a word of cheer and encouragement. He took a keen interest in all that concerned the well-being of his home and neighbourhood. His professional and social duties amply filled his life, yet he found time for visiting the patients of the Hospital for Incurables on West Hill, Putney Heath, and also took a practical interest in the Putney Gospel Temperance Association, of which Association he was chairman, and in various other quiet unassuming ways interested himself in the well-being of his fellow creatures.

Charles Kimber was emphatically a man of refined and cultivated taste. All his pursuits and enjoyments were pure and elevating. He was an admirer of paintings, and was somewhat of a connoisseur in engravings. He drew with grace and

facility, and his diaries were illustrated by sketches from his own pencil. He was in constant request as a singer; and, indeed, he sang both sacred solos and drawing-room songs with unusual charm and effectiveness. Poetry afforded him much pleasure, and he sometimes composed verses which were the expression of a mind sensitive to the charms of Nature, and given to meditation upon the varied experiences of human life. A few stanzas written at Arthog, in North Wales, in August, 1895, suggested by a beautiful stream, may be here given as a specimen of his compositions—

"OUR LIFE IS BUT A TROUBLED STREAM."

This babbling, bubbling, busy stream,
How like our life it seems to be;
As coursing down this rocky glen,
It passes onward to the sea.

Creeping, rushing, falling, flowing,
Struggling, baffled, pent, now free,
In shady pool now restful seeming,
Yet ever moving toward the sea.

O mighty ocean! boundless deep,
Thou vast, unknown Infinity!
All streams at last must meet in Thee,
For aye, in endless harmony!

From the first outbreak of hostilities in South Africa in the autumn of 1898, Charles Kimber

took a warm interest in the fortunes of his country, and of his many friends on active service. He felt it was a righteous war, and as he read of the noble lives sacrificed in the nation's cause it gradually dawned upon him that it might be his duty to take even a small part in the strife. Perhaps he thought his ties at home were not so binding that they could not be laid aside at least for a time, while he, too, offered himself for service to his Queen and country. He freely discussed his project with many of his friends, and made it a very definite matter of prayer, seeking to learn if it was really the will of God that he should break with all his home ties and risk his life in an enemy's country. In the early part of 1900 these thoughts matured into convictions, and in the true spirit of patriotism and whole-heartedness he deliberately surrendered himself to what he firmly believed to be God's will for him, and, obtaining leave of absence from his partners, enrolled himself in the Special Corps of the Duke of Cambridge's Own (13th Battalion) Imperial Yeomanry, undertaking to serve to the end of the war or for one year at least. This battalion was composed of four squadrons of mounted infantry, made up as follows:—The 45th squadron, known as The Irish

Hunt Corps, and recruited from the ranks of the well-known hunting men of Ireland; the 46th and 54th squadrons, men recruited from Belfast and the North of Ireland, and the 47th squadron, known as "The Duke of Cambridge's Own." The whole battalion was under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Spragge, D.S.O. This special corps of Duke of Cambridge's Own was formed by a committee of gentlemen, of whom Lord Arthur Hill was president, on the basis that its members had to pay their own expenses of equipment and transport, and to devote their pay to the fund that was being raised for the benefit of the widows and orphans of those who might fall in the field. In these respects, as in its material, it is to be distinguished from other corps bearing the same title of "Duke of Cambridge's Own."

CHAPTER II.

WITH THE

"DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE'S OWN,"

(THIRTEENTH IMPERIAL YEOMANRY.)

They who, at England's and at duty's call,
Forsake their home, their treasure, and their all,
To meet the foe upon a distant plain,
Their country's cause and honour to maintain :

Who lowliest tasks with cheerful mind fulfil,
Hardships endure, and, with a steadfast will,
Work, wait, and suffer, till the victory's won,
Or till the hero's strife too soon is done :—

They do not live in vain ; they do not die
Without the mourner's tear, the patriot's sigh ;
We lay a wreath of glory on their grave ;
They lived to suffer, and they died to save.

ON Saturday, March 31st, 1900, a cold, bright, sunny day, Charles Kimber sailed in the R.M.S. "Carisbrooke Castle," for Cape Town. He was one of a draft of fourteen men proceeding to join

their Battalion. There were also a large contingent of Paget's Horse and other detachments on board.

He was accompanied by his family to Waterloo Station, and was there met by a number of his friends who had assembled to bid him God speed. His father, a sister, and a brother travelled with him to Southampton, lunched with him on board, and waited to see the steamer well under way.

Partings with those whose lives are to be literally a walk on the brink of the grave are too sacred for description. In all of them there must be sorrow; in all of them there must be a hope of meeting here on earth again, and in some there is also the blessed hope of meeting beyond. A hope, yea the sure and certain hope that, if a reunion here may not be permitted, it is but postponed to take place in a world where there will be no more sorrows and no more partings. Such was Charles Kimber's hope, as, in bidding his final farewell, he could calmly and confidently add, as his last words, "We shall meet again."

What an anchor of the soul, keeping it sure and steadfast to its moorings, does such a hope prove when waves of sorrow are dashing over it.

The voyage was a fair weather one, and life on board quiet and without any striking incident. The

following is an extract from one of Charles Kimber's letters, written during the voyage:—

"R.M.S. CARISBROOKE CASTLE,

"*Tuesday, 3rd April*, 1900.

"Here I am rolling about on the deep blue sea, in a beautiful boat, but a terrible roller, already over 1,000 miles from dear old England, and widening the gap at the rate of 380 miles or so per diem. . . .

"*Easter Day.*—We have service in the first-class saloon. There is no clergyman on board and the captain is ill—so the senior military or naval officer officiates. I have been helping to organise a choir to lead the singing. It falls flat without someone to lead and keep it going. There are several good voices on board among the second or third-class passengers—but very few apparently among the first. There is a harmonium as well as a piano in the saloon. We are to use both these for the chants, and we are to have the steward's band for the hymns.

"This being Easter Day, I think the singing will be heartier, and that we shall have a better service than usual. The soldiers have to attend. . . . Since starting this letter we have had the service. The band distinguished itself by starting

off in a wrong key, but soon recovered itself. We had a full and hearty service."

After leaving Madeira, Charles Kimber wrote to his mother:—"We are kept very busy on board with drills or parades of various sorts. Physical drill before breakfast. Bayonet drill afterwards—another drill or ambulance lectures in the afternoon—dumb bells just before dinner—and a tug-of-war or anything else that happens to be going at odd times. The regular sports are just being arranged, and everybody seems to be going in for everything, though the heat just now is making the passengers very partial to their easy chairs.

"Personally I am rather enjoying the trip, and do not find our military exercises and duties at present at all too much. We are playing off the finals now. I have not won anything yet, but have gone in for nearly everything, and have had some good fun over it, especially in the bolster fighting, a contest on a pole set horizontally across the deck.

"They have had a dance on the saloon deck. I did not take part. I contented myself with a couple of games of chess, a cigar, a lemon squash (one of the excellent kind they make on board), a long yarn and lounge on deck, enjoying the beautiful soft, balmy air."

SOME OF THE "DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE'S OWN," AT MAITLAND CAMP.

On Tuesday morning, April 17th, at 6.30 a.m., the ship reached Cape Town, and Charles Kimber spent the whole of the day with the remainder of the draft about the ship, disembarking, awaiting orders, etc. His first letter after his arrival is dated:—

"MAITLAND CAMP
"(Five miles out of Cape Town),
"18*th April*, 1900.

"We marched here last evening" (he says) "with our waggon, carrying our kit-bags and ammunition, and spent our first night in camp—seven in a tent. The sun had gone down when we arrived, but there was a glorious moon. We got a little food, cup of cocoa, bread and butter, at the canteen before turning in, and spent a fairly comfortable night. It was not very cold. This morning it is gloriously fine again, and promises a very hot day. There are 4,000 in camp now. A large number have lately gone up. We have not the whereabouts of our Unit yet, but hear rumours of their having been in action and met with serious loss. Rumours are many and untrustworthy. I am writing this in a nice big Soldiers' Home."

A week later he wrote from the same place as follows:—

"We are still here awaiting our call to join our Unit, which is, I understand, away up country towards Magersfontein. The report about it having been in action and having met with disaster is altogether false. I could have gone up to fill a vacancy in the gun section of the Corps, now at Stellenbosch Camp, about thirty miles from here, but I did not. We are kept busy here with camp duties. Up at 6 a.m., an hour and a half's fatigue with remounts, feeding horses, attending sick ones, pitching tents, etc. Coffee, bread and jam for breakfast at 8 a.m. Work again from 9 a.m., till dinner, 1 p.m.—potatoes and meat. Work again till nearly tea time, 6 p.m., our last meal. We supplement this luxurious fare by what we can get from the canteen or elsewhere. The weather is delightful, beautiful nights, sunrises and sunsets, and nice light air during the day as yet; and the men in my draft are nice fellows, so I do not find life hard. In fact, I find it interesting, and feel well. One feels, of course, the want of a regular morning tub and clean linen, but we get primitive ablutions and do not find ourselves seriously inconvenienced. When we go up country, an extra

shirt and a tooth-brush will probably be the extent of our wardrobes, besides what we wear. We have only our kit-bags with us here, and hear that these must be abandoned before we start. When that will be none of us know."

"CAPE TOWN,
27th April, 1900.

"Just a line to say we (six of our draft) are ordered to join the Unit at Matjesfontein, some 160 miles up country, and I leave as one of them to-morrow."

The following extract from the diary of a brother Yeoman (of the same Corps) will be interesting, showing some of the difficulties of a trooper's experience:—

"By the bye" (he writes) "you can perhaps scarcely realise what an amount of labour is involved in clearing a camp, entraining with horses, packed saddles, ammunition and rations. I can only say that the irritation, work, and waiting about that it entails are beyond description, not to mention feeding the horses in their boxes on the way."

Charles Kimber's next letters were from Matjesfontein Camp. In one dated May 1st, he writes:—

"Here we are at a new Camp, having joined our

proper Company, about 160 miles or more from Cape Town. It is a truly barren spot, and we are having a real rough time. I did not come out here expecting luxuries, and am not disappointed in that respect so far. We have hardly a minute to ourselves the whole day; up at 5.30, and food that I am afraid you would not care to eat. Everything seems dirty, nearly all of us have beards, no time to shave, much less write. I am feeling well, thank God, and the men seem gentlemen, otherwise this business would not be tolerable. Many of us are heartily sick already. I cannot say that of myself, for I want to see it through, and trust I may have strength and health to do it. I have just had all my clothes off for the second time since we landed, a fortnight ago, and done a bathe in about four inches of water! It is a luxury, I assure you."

"MATJESFONTEIN CAMP,

"*4th and 5th May.*

"We evidently have not effectively tackled the Boers yet, and I think there is much to do before they knuckle under. We are only 160 miles from Cape Town, so of course have had no fighting yet, but are having a very rough tough time of it. Hard at work with horses, drill and camp duties, with

hardly any cessation for washing or eating decently.

"I think our friends would be amused to see us now. The ordinary Tommy in barracks lives a life of luxury compared to this, I think. Still, though most of us find it rougher than we might reasonably expect under the circumstances—they are gentlemen, nice fellows, most of them, who mean to see it through, and if we get no worse and see some fighting, I think there will not be one who will regret it all. I personally am feeling well, and mean to go through with it if I can. The weather has been splendid. I have never seen so many lovely sunrises in succession in my life before. The days are very hot and the nights cool, the mornings sometimes chilly.

"I have just been put on guard, that is, twenty-four hours—two hours on and four hours off, which gives me some time for writing. In fact, it is quite a relief to get a little rest from perpetual duties. I am lying full length in the guard-tent, prone. The sun setting gloriously in the surrounding hills, making them a brilliant pink, the atmosphere of Egyptian clearness. In twenty minutes it will be dark, the twilights are so short. . . . Night has come and gone, and I have done my solitary

watches from 7 to 9—1 to 3—7 to 9 with snatches of sleep between. It was quite a relief after the other work I have been having here, and the night was a lovely one, and I rather enjoyed it, thinking of you all.

"On my 1 to 3 watch I heard a voice in the distance from some half-drunken soldier sing out clearly the words (in good time)—

> "It is not night if Thou be near;
> Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise."

and then it broke off into something else. I took the words as especially mine. I really feel that I have nothing to fear but myself, and trust that I may have grace faithfully to comply with all directions that I may have from Him who doeth all things well, and who is our Refuge and Strength, a very present help in trouble. . . I cannot help thinking that Old England is trusting too much to her own might, and has yet hard lessons to learn at the hands of the Boers.

"I have not touched liquor since I came out. We have just received orders to move to Springfontein, 660 miles from Cape Town, and go on to Bloemfontein."

"*May 15th.*—We are moving up to Springfontein in the Orange Free State, about thirty-five miles

from the south boundary, which we crossed at Norval's Point about 9 a.m. this morning. We are in the main central line of rail to Bloemfontein and Pretoria, and are hopeful of being in at the finish yet. We have had a more or less pleasant journey up so far, though we are rather crowded, and the 'blooming 'orses' want watering and feeding two or three times a day, which is rather a business, as they are packed very closely themselves, and we have to get the water and nose bags to them by climbing up the side of the boxes. They seem to be keeping fairly fit. I have a darkish grey—he is a little heavy and carty, and a bit stubborn, but has not pitched me off yet, and has done me pretty well so far.

"The country we have been passing through since we left Matjesfontein is very much the same, nothing but veldt, stony ground with tufty grass sparsely covering it, and kopjes, hills of curious shapes and sizes, though none very high—all over. No large towns, or even anything that you might call a village, with perhaps one or two exceptions. Now that we have entered the Orange Free State the country seems a little less stony, but just as thinly populated. You wonder where all the Boers we hear about come from. We expect to arrive

at Springfontein this afternoon, and shall by then have been in the train since Sunday evening, about forty-two hours. The weather keeps good, the air is lovely, and we travel with all the windows down, no dust—the pace is so slow—no flies. In fact, we look upon the railway journey as some relief and a pleasant change from camp duties.

"We hear various rumours, and are much interested to know if they are true, *e.g.*, that Mafeking is relieved, Roberts in Kroonstadt, and Steyn a prisoner. I am afraid the last is not likely, but I sincerely hope the other two are facts, and that there will be much other good news by the time this reaches you.

"I am keeping well, and have not yet found the weather cold, but we have not yet had to bivouac at nights, and have some warm clothes still, though I have got down to a very little. I managed to shave last Sunday, and look a little cleaner, but I am afraid we are a dirty looking lot; no dirtier than others in similar service, but getting harder and more serviceable every day, I hope.

"We had Divine Service in Camp on Sunday morning; the Colonel read a few prayers and portions of the Morning Service. I am sorry to say

it did not appear to be very heartily responded to. There were no hymns, but we concluded by singing, 'God Save the Queen.'

"We have arrived at Springfontein—3 p.m., to-day, and hear we are to proceed to Bloemfontein, where we expect to arrive to-night. We are moving farther and faster than we thought we should."

"*May 17th.*—We have arrived at Bloemfontein, safe and well. We went straight on in the train from Springfontein, after spending two or three hours there detraining, watering and exercising horses. We reached Bloemfontein at 2 a.m., and set to work at once, taking out the forage and luggage till dawn, when we had a cup of tea and a dog biscuit, saddled up, and rode into camp here, about a mile out of the town, a vast undulating dusty plain, with camps dotted about everywhere.

"We hear there is much fever here, some seventeen deaths daily on an average, and over thirty last Sunday, yet the place seems healthy and open. It is the water, I think, and I shall try and not drink much of it unboiled.

"There still seems the same uncertainty about any future movements for us. We have plenty of work still and little food, but I am hardening down to both, and, thank God, feel well on it all. There

is much difference between the life and work of an officer and those of a trooper, and I am at times tempted to covet the former's, but the trooper's experience will be a unique one for me, and do me more good, and I should like to see it all through in that capacity, although I think by that time I shall be thoroughly sick of horses. In fact, my horse is a continual nightmare to me. The horses are pretty well trained by now. Mine has done nothing more as yet than step on my foot, which he has done frequently, and which I do not take as a mark of affection. We have had one or two exciting stampedes. We are all very pleased to have got as far as Bloemfontein, but are sickened at the thought we may never get into the firing line after all. We are heartily sick of camp duties, and would welcome the news either of our being ordered to the front, or that the Boers had unconditionally caved in, a report that is posted in Bloemfontein, and is credited by some in the camp.

"There is a very good Soldiers' Home in this Camp. A Mr. Hinde and a Mr. Stewart run it. They hold services every day, which are well attended. I went over and had a chat with some of the men yesterday. I got back to my tent a

little late for rifle inspection, and had to appear to-day as a sort of punishment in full marching order when the guard assembled at 4 p.m."!!

On May 21st the "Duke of Cambridge's Own" received orders to proceed from Bloemfontein to Kroonstadt. At that time Lord Roberts was nearing the Vaal River. On May 23rd Charles Kimber writes on the train during this journey:—"To-morrow is the Queen's birthday. I hope we may hear Lord Roberts will fire his *feu de joie* from Pretoria. Several Boers have been surrendering arms and horses to the different guards and piquets along the line we have just travelled. It seems to me it is their best policy to do so, as it saves their property. . . . We lost one horse on the journey, probably kicked or strangled to death by the other horses in the van. We have to pack them very tightly, and some of them take very strong objection to it. It is very cold at night, but I don't feel it much."

On Friday, May 25th, the Corps reached Kroonstadt, and were there joined by the Irish Hunt Corps, with Lord Longford in command. About noon the same day Colonel Spragge received a wire ordering the regiment to join General Sir Henry Colville at Lindley, a distance of forty-seven miles

east of Kroonstadt. Colonel Spragge immediately sent a reply that the regiment would reach Lindley on Sunday, May 27th. Accordingly, in two or three hours' time the regiment was on the march again. Rations were very meagre, sometimes only a biscuit or two a day, and a bit of bully beef, and often only dirty water to drink. No convoy with them, and carrying only two days' rations for the men and forage for the horses, with the least possible amount of baggage. Thus they proceeded to Lindley.

CHAPTER III.

BATTLE OF LINDLEY.

Lord! 'ere I join in deadly strife,
And battle's terrors dare,
First would I render soul and life
To Thine Almighty care.

And when grim death, in smoke-wreaths robed,
Comes thundering o'er the scene,
What fear can reach the soldier's heart
Whose trust in Thee has been?

RISING at 4 a.m., on Sunday, May 27th, after a few hours' bivouac, and a hasty breakfast on half a biscuit each, the 13th Imperial Yeomanry, tired out with the continual forced marches of the preceding days, pushed on with all speed to accomplish the remaining sixteen miles to Lindley. The advanced squadron, consisting of the Duke of Cambridge's Own, continued their march towards the little town, and went right through it, passing through the Kaffir quarter without opposition. More than one remark was made as to the strange attitude of the people about the houses. At the end of the town, where the squadron was halted,

enquiries were made, and it was ascertained that General Colville had left that morning; in fact, a faint line of the dust from his convoy and rear-guard could be seen through glasses in the far distance by our advance guard. The distance and difficult country with all sorts of hills and valleys between, forbade any attempt to come up with him.

The squadron were then ordered to form up in the Market Square, dismount, and take up positions to hold the town. The Boers then began firing from a ridge some 500 or 600 yards off, and some of our men had to take shelter more or less under a large galvanized store house, on the roof of which bullets were striking and ricochetting in all directions. Only one or two men and a horse were wounded during this fusillade.

It being found impossible to hold the town, orders were given to retire from it. The retirement was effected in good order under Lieut.-Colonel Holland, with only one man and one horse killed and a few horses wounded. The D.C.O.'s galloped back to the waggons and main body, which had halted about two miles out of the town, and reached them in safety. These also had been attacked, but had driven off the enemy for the time being. The position was a serious one; 400

men, with but two Colt guns, very little ammunition, and with rations that could not possibly last out a week, were surrounded by an unknown number of hostile Boers. The problem of the moment was, which was the best position to hold? Colonel Spragge decided, and chose for his main body a Kaffir kraal, about a mile and a half out of Lindley, just below a rocky hill, with a sort of rough wall of stones round the top of it. On the other side of this kraal, and occupying a long, low-lying ridge, were the three other squadrons of Irish Yeomanry.

Opposite the kraal, and about 600 yards away from it, were two outlying kopjes commanding the approach to Lindley by road, and also a waterway. On these the D.C.O. (commanded by Capt. Keith) were ordered to take up their position and to hold the enemy in check.

Messengers were dispatched to Generals Colville and Rundle, the latter being then at Senegal, forty miles south of Lindley. Smith, the Colonial scout, who tried to reach Rundle, is said to have been captured and shot as a spy, but the other man got through and delivered Colonel Spragge's message to Colville.

Firing continued till nightfall, and then there

was a weary time of heavy fatigue duties, and the want of food was telling on the men. Sangars had to be built, horses had to be looked after, and that in the dark; picquets and guards had to be carefully formed and placed. Charles Kimber did his share of this work, till at 1 p.m., having been on stable guard the previous night, he was glad to lay his head down wherever he could find a place. The night was very dark, and very cold, and on waking next morning the men found the frost lying thick on their coverings, and it was almost impossible to feel one's finger tips.

On Monday morning (May 28th) the pick-poch from the Boer Mauser rifle sounded the *réveille* on all sides, and was steadily replied to. Parties of Boers could be seen riding about from point to point and gradually drawing a cordon round our different positions.

Colonel Spragge hoped for relief, and therefore decided to hold on. Meanwhile bullets rained on the D.C.O. kopjes, the gallant Captain of the Corps falling a victim with one through his head. Corporal Galpin, anxious to find exactly where the Boers were, raised his glasses to ascertain their whereabouts, and was immediately shot through the head also. The Colonel and a medical officer

went out to their kopje, and had to crawl fully 100 yards on their hands and knees to escape the deadly fire. Firing ceased at sunset, the casualties for the day being four killed (one officer and three rank and file), seven wounded (two officers and five rank and file).

On Tuesday morning our men were again awoke by the crack of the Mauser rifle. Firing commenced at 6.40, and continued all day at intervals. No biscuits or bread were to be had, and other food was scarce. No sign of relief appeared, nothing but the unpleasant consciousness that they were being surrounded and that retreat in any and every direction was cut off.

Yet Charles Kimber's mind was sufficiently at leisure from itself for him to think of those at home, who, could they have but imagined his position, would have been filled with horror. During this day the Boer fire slackened somewhat, and as Charles Kimber lay sheltered by the stones, which formed his only protection, he wrote to his mother as follows:—

"*Tuesday, 29th May.*

"To-day, strange as it may read, though I am writing to you from a battle-field, I assure you it seems the most peaceful, restful day so far that

I have had. I am in a little shelter of stones on a kopje, from which if I moved my head I could rely on a bullet whizzing past quite close on its cruel vicious way.

"Several of our men have been hit, including Captain Keith and Corporal Galpin, who were shot in the head and killed instantaneously yesterday. I saw them buried at 5 a.m. this morning, just laid side by side in the grave in their uniforms, and respectfully interred in the presence of a few of their comrades.

"It is my duty to be one of a party of twenty to hold a kopje 600 yards off the main body, one of three upon which our laager and position depend. We got here all right between the bullets, although I had one or two near things. We were up here all yesterday under continuous fire from all sides, to which we replied sparingly, and only when we could see, or thought we saw a Boer to hit. It is most difficult to find out where they are. One man may be sniping all day comfortably and quite near. There is no doubt about it, they are good range finders, and some of them excellent shots. I have hitherto escaped, but have been near, a bullet piercing my great-coat as I was lying close beside it among the rocks. It looked as if the

Boers were intending to close in upon us and finish us off next day.

"I would not write you this letter did I not believe you would be getting news of us officially before this reaches you, and know how it all ended, and would be glad to have my version. Excuse its ragged condition. The sun is just sinking. The Boers have been less active to-day, and we have had no casualties. We do not quite understand what their little game is. We have been plugging away with our rifles, and have heard firing in the distance, which we hope is Colville returning to our assistance. We have sent scouts to try and get a message through to him. Whether they succeed, events must prove. If they do not, the Boers have us in the hollow of their hand, but whether they know their opportunity and will take advantage of it, is known only to Almighty God, in whose hands is the issue. Of course these times make me think a good deal of you all at home, but I do not feel any fear.

"Now when this letter will go, if ever, I cannot say, situated as I am, but whenever it reaches you may it take my blessing and my best love. I am feeling well and hope to meet you all soon again in like condition. Best love to all at home."

An incident may here be mentioned showing the calm self-possession and simple trusting spirit which Charles Kimber could maintain while in the greatest danger. A Yeoman friend of his who fully shared with him the dangers of this fight, writes :—

"I shall never forget that memorable night at Lindley. I went up to the kopje where Charles was, having managed with great difficulty to get two slices of bread, which we ate together in the cold, dark night. After a very confidential talk, we both admitted it looked likely that we should not see each other again, and then Charles said that, if I did not mind, he would offer up a short prayer. Then and there we both knelt on the stony ground, and he said a few simple words."

With Wednesday morning came the same terrible sound of Mauser rifle, which continued all day. The enemy reinforced, no sign of relief; the little garrison still holding out, and hopeful, but diminishing in numbers. One killed, one wounded, seventeen missing, made the day's list of casualties.

On the morning of Thursday, May 31st, the enemy were still further reinforced, making their number up to 2,500 men, with five guns and two Maxims, as against our 468, a fourth of whom were employed with led horses, and other duties outside

the firing line. At 6.30 a.m. the first shell was fired, and after that the shrapnel firing was continuous. The two D.C.O. kopjes were strong, and afforded good protection, but the fire directed on them was terrific, and at close range. The main laager was heavily fired on, but at long range, as was also the kopje Lord Longford was holding.

Early on this morning the Colonel ordered Longford with forty men to clear a hill, one mile south, which he did most gallantly at the point of the bayonet, and though wounded in three places, this splendid officer held on with his brave little band under terrific rifle fire until 2 p.m., when he was obliged to leave it to reinforce Lord Ennismore. At mid-day 300 Boers charged Stone Kop, splitting up and coming in from two directions, but were repulsed. They returned to the charge, bringing up three more guns to increase the deadly work, and poured down on our brave fellows an unmerciful rifle and shrapnel shell fire. The D.C.O.'s asked for reinforcements. The Colonel immediately ordered Captain Humby with the Ulster Squadron to their assistance, but before they could arrive an order to retire had been given on the foremost kopje. Three or four men, among whom was Corporal Jaques, not hearing the order, remained

on the top, and before they knew what had happened they were looking down the barrels of hundreds of Mauser rifles pointed by Boers, who had come closer in at the sides. Jaques therefore hoisted the white flag, and he and his small party were taken prisoners. Lieut. Robins, together with the remainder, had by this time reached the bottom of the first kopje, and was preparing to reinforce the second. Looking round, he saw the white flag flying, and immediately ordered the "cease fire." The other kopje stopped firing, but would not hoist their flag, hoping every minute that relief might appear. However, at 4 p.m. it seemed useless waste of life to resist, and a towel went up.

Soon afterwards the two kopjes swarmed with Boers, who ranged the now captured men along the top of them, and commenced to shower bullets on to our main position in the kraal over the heads of their captives. It was impossible, therefore, for our force to return their fire without shooting our own men.

There was nothing for them to do but surrender. There was just time to burn the Union Jack and the regimental flag before the Boers came up. Then ended a terrible fight of four days and four nights, a fight in which no men could have fought more

bravely or endured their terrible hardships and wounds with a more unflinching spirit than the 13th Imperial Yeomanry did on this occasion.

Our casualties were twenty killed, and over thirty wounded. Lord Methuen, after a rapid forced march for their relief, appeared at noon on Friday, just twenty hours too late. He twice visited the wounded who lay in hospital at Lindley, and he inspected the scene of the disaster, and expressed himself satisfied that Colonel Spragge had done everything for the best.

The soldier fallen on the field of strife
Forms a fair emblem of our human life ;
We strive, we fight, we fall, or win or fail ;
The Truth shall triumph, and the Right prevail.

*** The verses at the head of this Chapter Charles Kimber carried in his pocket-book at this time.

CHAPTER IV.

IMPRISONMENT AND ESCAPE.

Strange is the discipline which God deems fit:
Hard is the lesson, but the profit sure:
They only conquer who will first submit;
And they are saved, whose watchword is, Endure!

EARLY on Friday morning, June 1st, the 13th Imperial Yeomanry, their numbers diminished by sixty, were marched away from their bivouac, a humiliated, dejected, disorganized looking rabble, their cup overflowing with bitterness. As they went, they heard in the distance the guns of Methuen's force coming to their relief, and saw its shells bursting in the air over the little town.

Four days afterwards, Charles Kimber wrote to his father, in the following letter from Reitz, Orange Free State, the only further information he sent home regarding the Battle of Lindley, the terrible effects of which on him are plainly discernible:—

"MY DEAR FATHER,—I cannot tell you now all that I have been through. It has been a hard time, but I kept well until after our surrender, when I felt a reaction, possibly due to the long strain and want of food. A kind of daze and faintness came over me, and I felt as if I were acting a chapter in another man's history, and I spent the remainder of that eventful day as if in a dream.

"I was hit in the fight, but, thank God, not hurt. Poor young Miller, whom you may remember we met at Assouan last year, was among the killed—shot through the head at the close of the fight. The Boers treated us generously, both with their bullets and otherwise, and my opinion of them has risen. They are a brave, simple folk, and make a fighting force peculiarly adapted to this kind of country. I hope you are all well at home. Accept my best love."

From Lindley the Battalion was marched some 250 miles, through the Free State and the Transvaal, to Machadodorp, passing through the towns of Reitz, Vrede, Standerton, and Ermelo, all of which towns were in the occupation of the Boers, though the English forces were reported to be in the immediate vicinity. The country through which they passed was nothing but a vast barren, treeless

desert, or grass plain, with an occasional uninteresting looking farm, the towns being little better than humble villages.

The weather during the day was, as a rule, very clear, bright, and warm, but the nights were intensely cold, the veldt being covered with thick frost in the morning, and any water left in their cans having a thick coating of ice on it.

The whole camp formed itself into little groups or messes, and at night it was an interesting sight when a hundred or more little fires twinkled in the darkness, and as many groups of men around them were busy preparing their evening meal, forgetful of their troubles, and eating with a relish what food they could get. These fires were made with what fuel they could lay hold of when they halted at mid-day and at night.

The Boers provided rations of flour, meat, etc., and, although this supply was somewhat irregular, our men could always supplement it by buying food at the villages through which they passed, so that they usually had enough.

They slept on the open veldt, with nothing but the starry heavens for their canopy, and Boer guards around them for their protection. On two nights they bivouacked in the long, wet grass in

a cold and ceaseless rain. The Boers provided what shelter they could, but it was not enough for all, and Charles Kimber preferred the wet and cold to being huddled together with a damp and somewhat unwashen crowd of unfortunate prisoners. He had managed to keep a Jæger bag, a blanket, and a sack which he took out with him, and, curling himself up in these, he managed to get sleep, even under these adverse circumstances.

The usual trek waggons carried their coats, blankets, and cooking apparatus, and some of the men could ride occasionally, but the majority walked, including Charles Kimber, who accomplished the whole 250 miles on foot. Ten or twelve miles was the usual distance they travelled in the day—trek oxen moving at a somewhat slow and tedious pace.

From Ermelo, in the Transvaal, on Tuesday, June 19th, Charles Kimber wrote the following:—

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,—Here we arrived last night, the nineteenth day of our captivity. I have walked all the way, and am feeling well, though my right foot is a little tender. We are marching on, I believe, to Machadodorp, on the Delagoa Bay line, and after that, possibly to some place along the railway, but they do not let us know for certain.

We have been feeding fairly well, on eggs, meat, bread, butter, tea and coffee. Our appetites are always with an edge.

"I tried to wire you from Reitz and again from here to let you know I am well. I hope you all are. I wonder when I shall see you all again, and what I shall have done before I do. I feel I am in God's hands, and under His kind guidance and protection, and I pray now, as I did when I left old England, that He will make me faithful.

"Good-bye, dearest mother. Give my best love to all at home. It is a long time since I have heard from you or have seen a newspaper, but this is, of course, what I must expect."

In another letter he says:—

"The Boers we have met seem very decent fellows, and I have had many chats with them. We often give a cup of coffee to a sentry, and chat over our pipes with him. They do not seem a bit prejudiced, and are serviceable men, rough and ready for any fighting. Nearly all wish the war were at an end, and that they were able to get back to their homes. I have been struck by their intelligence. They all seem to understand the political situation thoroughly. They are very devout—many of them.

Our guards, for instance, on Sundays and on other days, will hold little impromptu spontaneous meetings among themselves for prayer and reading, and almost invariably sing the Old Hundredth. The prayers are in Dutch, but I have joined in the singing.

"How I should enjoy reading a newspaper now, of any date the last month. I read my 'Daily Light' every day, and find it a great help."

At length, on Wednesday, June 27th, the 13th Imperial Yeomanry reached Machadodorp, and were entrained for Nooitgedacht, where they arrived the same evening.

They soon found themselves in a place which was a natural prison, surrounded closely on all sides by high and not unpicturesque looking hills. The enclosure, which covered some five or six acres of ground, was surrounded by a strongly barbed wire fence some seven feet high, and by Boer guards. At night a strong electric light encircled them. Some 1,400 men were here imprisoned—Irish Fusiliers, Gloucesters, Suffolks, Highland Brigade, Colonials, and Yeomanry. At one end of the enclosure a little stream ran over stones, and this little bit of enclosed running water was crowded all day with men washing themselves or

their clothes. The ground was dotted all over closely (with the exception of one or two open spaces) by every variety of hut or shake-down; some like pigsties, others like wigwams, others again like shallow graves, and none so good as a Kaffir kraal.

Charles Kimber, with three other men, was fortunate enough to get a fairly good one, a hut recently vacated by an officer. It was six feet high, ten feet deep, and was covered with tarpaulin, with half the front side open.

The officers had corrugated iron buildings and tents outside this prison and in a separate enclosure, but were occasionally allowed to mix with the men. Food consisted chiefly of a little porridge, mealie or otherwise, tea and rice, and sometimes a little tough meat and chupatties; the latter made with flour, water, and baking powder, and then fried. This fare was now and again supplemented by bread and tinned foods. Tobacco and cigarettes were obtainable with difficulty, a box of 100 cigarettes costing 12s. 6d., and a sack of potatoes, a luxury, selling for £2. The small mess of four to which Charles Kimber belonged hired a 19th Hussar Lance-Corporal, as cook and general servant, and found him of great assistance,

PRISON LIFE AT NOOITGEDACHT.

especially in the cooking, suet puddings being his speciality.

Time hung heavily on the prisoners' hands, and was passed chiefly in sleeping, washing, eating, smoking, talking, preparing meals, erecting huts; though occasionally camp-life was enlivened by a fight, and by games, sports, or a sing-song. What books there were could only be obtained on the reciprocal system, and when obtained were eagerly devoured. The camp seethed with rumours and reports, which usually had no foundation. The arrival of new prisoners constituted a great excitement, but they were often badly informed and consequently very disappointing. The daily morning train passing down the valley also created intense excitement.

But it was a trying time, and all wearied of the monotony and seeming aimlessness of such a life, and as birds of the air when caged flap their wings on the wires, and make desperate attempts after liberty, so many of our men strove for theirs, but every effort had till now proved unsuccessful.

Charles Kimber and his friend Ernest Hely, a trooper of the Middlesex Yeomanry, made their attempt to escape. They waited about all one night, and attempted to cut the barbed wire in

order to get out, but were detected by the Boer guards, and prevented. Charles Kimber, however, firmly believed it to be part of his duty to escape, and he and his friend, nothing daunted by their previous failure, determined to make another effort.

This time he adopted a different method of procedure, which happily resulted in success, and on Sunday, July 29th, after eight weary weeks of captivity, he and Ernest Hely achieved their purpose and gained their freedom. How they managed it is best told in their own words.

The following is Charles Kimber's version:—

"NEAR WONDERFONTEIN, ON
"DELAGOA BAY LINE, S.A.R.,
"*5th August*, 1900.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,—It is with very great pleasure I write to tell you what I hope you will have heard long since—that I have escaped from captivity at Nooitgedacht, and am safe and well in British lines once more. The Brigadier here (General Gordon), I believe, cabled the news home yesterday.

"Hely, of the Middlesex Yeomanry, and I, like several others, had been contemplating escape for

some time past, and had made one attempt by cutting the wires; but, being discovered by a Boer guard, we failed. Several others had on various occasions actually got away, but had always in every case been recaptured and brought back. We got away last Sunday in this manner.

"The Sunday service is held outside the wire encampment; officers and men attending. Officers are on parole, and are allowed a certain amount of liberty—they can go about a mile from the camp in certain directions whenever they please during the day. The men are never allowed out without special leave, and as soon as service is over on Sunday are expected to go straight back into camp —but this time we did the 'Nooitgedacht' (the 'never expected') and did not return to camp, but strolled about chatting with the officers, until we saw our opportunity, and then leisurely walked off and away. We had smartened ourselves up a bit, and the Boer guards, not knowing us individually, apparently took us for officers, and let us go. We had not much food, but carefully apportioned what we had, which was good—Liebig and home-made cocoa paste, and a few chupatties, etc. All we had with us had, of course, to be concealed, so we naturally appeared a little bumpy about the tunic

at Church parade. We had no great-coats, but I had two vests and a flannel shirt, and a good pair of flannel pants. We did not know the way, but I had a map, and Hely a compass and a pair of field glasses, and we knew the general direction of the British lines.

"We spent the rest of Sunday resting outside the camp—in the grass under the trees—and had an opportunity of chatting there with several officers, who were most kind and helpful to us—Colonel Holland, Captain Humby, and especially Lord Ennismore. We cut two long sticks—which we found most valuable on the march—and Lord E. stayed with us till dark, when he bade us good luck and good-bye, and we 'cut our other stick,' crossed the railway, and set out on our tramp acros sthe mountains.

"I was feeling very well and confident. I felt escape was a part of my duty. I had asked God's blessing on it, and believed He would see me through it all.

"We had a big climb the first night, and arrived about midnight on the top of the ridge overlooking the Prisoners' Camp—which looked quite interesting from the outside—a little oblong down in the valley, surrounded by its girdle of electric light.

It was too cold to sleep, so we kept going till dawn—tumbling about over the hills, and finally pulling up for the day's rest in a glen or wooded spruit into which I actually tumbled head first!

"*Monday.*—The sun soon got up and the day came out beautifully warm. We had a chupatti, a teaspoonful of Liebig, one of cocoa paste each. After a wash, we enjoyed a good rest (but no sleep) and the morning pipe. We reconnoitred and rested alternately during the day, and set off again at night, our journey again being up and down among the mountains, and ending in the morning in a very mountainous place which we knew not.

"*Tuesday.*—We took cover for the day in another pretty glen, and enjoyed what rest we could, but again could hardly sleep at all. I still felt fit and well—I suppose the excitement and the end in view kept us going. We did not see many Boers, but had a narrow escape of capture the first day—a Boer riding over a place I had just reconnoitred, and in good view of me, dangerously close, if he had happened to look my way.

"*Wednesday.*—We maintained our direction a little N. of W. during the third day, as best we could, taking what came in our way, finding plenty

of difficult travelling. We pulled up at dawn after rather an exhausting and disappointing night's march in one of the Komati valleys, among mountains which, however picturesque, looked as forbidding and unkind as any we had seen. We seemed as far off as ever; our supplies were becoming appreciably diminished; we could not locate our position, and I must confess to feeling a little disheartened. We fed and rested, and after a refreshing wash in the river, started off in the afternoon to climb a mountain just behind us, from which we hoped to get a view and decide upon our further course. We were not disappointed. We saw several Boer houses about in the distance —two of them with white flags—several Boers, and observed a road running in a westerly direction. We decided to visit one of the white flag farms, and to try and get food and possibly a night's lodging—rather a risky proceeding, I thought—and travelled some way that afternoon towards it, doing some stiff and rather exhausting climbs. We called at the Boer white flag house after dark. Luckily only a woman was there with her infant, and some Kaffir servants. We entreated her for food in our most persuasive and assuring manner, but she would not open the door. She made a great

show of weeping, and put us off with all the excuses she could think of. We, however, at length got her to send us out some food, and finally departed. We had again another rough night's walking, resting for a quarter of an hour or so, when overcome with sleep, just where we found ourselves, till awakened by the cold; then pushing on till we were warm and again overcome with weariness; and so on till dawn.

"*Thursday.*—We found ourselves on the side of a mountain overlooking the Komati river. Here we took cover, had our morning meal and pipe, took off our boots and socks, and rested. How we appreciated dear old Sol. My feet kept wonderfully well all through, and my boots have rendered yeoman service on the tramp. We were still among mountains, and unable satisfactorily to locate our position, and so felt it incumbent upon us to push on during the day. I will not weary you with more details here, except to say that on this day's tramp we came across Kaffirs, the services of two of whom we engaged, who guided us off the mountains to the veldt country, to a district which we were able to recognise—some ten miles N. of Carolina, crossing the main road from that town, on which I had marched some two months

previously to my captivity. We slept that night in a kraal.

"*Friday.*—We started again about four in the morning, one of our Kaffirs giving us the slip. We now made our direction N.W. to Rietpan, on the railway, but were considerably hampered by movements of the Boers, many of whom we saw to-day making in a similar direction. We had now to go very cautiously, and to lie by nearly all day. We were encouraged and delighted to-day to hear guns both to our N.W. and in rear of us. We now felt assured that we were going right and nearing British lines, and that a British force (probably Buller's) was approaching Carolina. We kept a sharp lookout all day, and having rested (still no sleep) as well as we could, prepared for a long night's march to our destination. We had another rather narrow squeak of running across a Boer. We waited till sundown, took our meal, with an extra dose of cocoa (Liebig all gone) and started, feeling fit and hopeful. We were not disappointed. We walked for periods of an hour, with intervals of ten minutes for rest, and by 11 o'clock found ourselves approaching a light, which we took for one on the railway, but which we afterwards found to be a light from the camp, from the most ad-

vanced post E. of General French's Division. We approached cautiously, and after feeling well assured it was a British camp, we made bold, and walked in to a warm welcome (without being challenged!) heartily thankful and jubilant at the end accomplished.

"We found ourselves in the men's mess of the R.H.A., and they did us well, and were much interested to hear of our escape. They made us some hot coffee (what a delightful drink it seemed!), prepared a dish of meat, and made us a comfortable bed by a huge fire, which they kept up through the night. It was a beautifully clear night, but, as usual, bitterly cold. We could not sleep, the hot coffee, the cold, or our excitement probably preventing it.

"On Saturday, in the morning, we were asked to see General Gordon, the Brigadier, who was in camp and breakfasting with the officers of the Inniskilling Dragoons. They congratulated us on our escape, and asked us numerous questions, and were very hospitable. Major Allenby knew Percy, having been on a shooting visit to his farm. Captain Yardley knew both Percy and the Pater, to whom he wished to be remembered. We spent the morning and lunched with them, and were then passed

on to the next encampment, some five miles away, to which we rode, and where we are now—to be attached to the Scots Greys. We were there further interrogated by the Brigadier, who telegraphed the news of our escape. He was in Colonel Holland's old regiment, the 15th Hussars. We then reported ourselves to the Scots Greys, and were again welcomed and hospitably received. By this time we began to feel a bit droopy and in need of sleep, though not feeling as if we could get it, so we were handed over to the ambulance lines, where we were given a tent, a good bed, some supper, and a sleeping draught.

"On Sunday morning we rose refreshed and well, breakfasted with the officers of the Scots Greys, and attended Church parade. The Carabineers (6th Dragoons) invited us over to their mess for lunch, and were much interested to hear all our news. In the evening I attended a camp fire service, which was well and heartily conducted by the Chaplain, Rev. P. Bull, who made special reference in his thanksgiving to our escape."

Of this service the Chaplain, in a most kind letter of sympathy to Charles Kimber's elder sister, writes:—"Your dear brother came into our camp about August 9th last year, after a week of suffering

and endurance which had very much shaken both himself and his companion. I have no doubt he has given you a full account of all his adventures in that wonderful escape, so I will only add my vivid memories of his goodness and devotion. It was most deeply impressive, when he and his companion came to give thanks to Almighty God for their escape. I shall never forget that service by the huge camp fire, with 300 men sitting round it, and your brother just by my side marked from others by his slouch Yeomanry hat, and the intense interest of the men, when they knew what he had gone through, and how he wished to thank God, and the deep solemn silence in which our hearts went *out* to our suffering brother, and *up* to our Father in Heaven. Your brother struck me as one who did not fear to confess Christ before men."

Charles Kimber's letter continues:—

"General French is expected here to-morrow, and we are awaiting his arrival to know what we shall do. They think that our knowledge of the country will be useful in the advance along the Delagoa Bay line, which now seems to be the general objective of the British force in these parts.

"I was much pleased to get a visit this morning from Lieut. Biggs, R.E., who had kindly ridden

over to see me and to ask me to dinner. He is the only R.E. officer in camp, and so may be entitled to the exalted distinction of C.R.E.! He seemed very well.

"I have at present no kit but what I stand up in, that in which I left the prisoners' camp, but my tidy appearance was remarked on at the Inniskillings' mess, as compared with some of theirs. This is singular, because I have been wearing my same tunic now ever since I joined the D.C.O. at Matjesfontein, and often at night as well as by day. I have discarded my helmet, and wear a slouch hat which I purchased at Nooitgedacht. One of the officers here took our photographs the morning after our arrival, and is sending the films to the Editor of *Black & White*, so possibly you may see our pictures in that paper.

"I feel so glad that my military experience was not destined to be a continued imprisonment, though I cannot yet say how it will end. My experience all through seems to have been, and promises to be, the 'Nooitgedacht'—the never anticipated. But whatever comes, pray, my dearest mother, that I may faithfully fulfil my duty to my God and to my Queen and country.

"I hope you are all well and happy at home.

I should be very glad to hear of you all. Give my best love to all, and accept, my dearest mother, the same from

"Your loving son,
"CHARLIE D. KIMBER."

In a letter to his father, two days later, from near Wonderfontein, he writes:—"It is between Nooitgedacht, Machadodorp, and Lydenberg that the Boers, it is believed, are intending to make a desperate resistance. The country is naturally favourable for defence, and impossible for cavalry. Kruger has been living in a saloon carriage on the line near Machadodorp for some time past. I will not go into the details of our interesting and exciting journey here. Suffice it to say we had several narrow escapes, stiff going, and trying experiences; but our food, health, and perseverance held out, and we finally reached the British lines late on Friday night, and received a warm welcome from our advanced outpost camp some nine or ten miles south of Wonderfontein.

"So many had before attempted to escape, but unsuccessfully, and the difficulties seemed so insuperable, that it appeared hopeless when we started, but man's extremity is God's opportunity,

and, trusting in His help, I was induced to make the attempt, and to Him I attribute all the success we have had. Talking to-day to a man who knows the country, I found that he considered our escape was wonderful.

"We have been very kindly treated here by both officers and men, and are now attached, pending General French's decision as to what we shall do, to the Scots Greys. General Gordon, the Brigadier here, thinks our experience will be useful, as the country we have come through is now the present British objective, and they expect a difficult time and stubborn resistance there. I hope to let you know what is decided. General Gordon gave me the opportunity of liberty, but I hardly felt justified in turning tail and coming home directly after my escape—though several officers and others who are sick of the war have recommended that course—so I have offered my services (if of any use) to the finish of hostilities.

"I was talking to Colonel —— on the day of our escape, and he asked if it were worth the risk, as he felt confident there would be an early release of prisoners, probably within a week. This belief was generally entertained, and indeed I had entertained it myself, but I had so long hoped against

hope, that I was not then going to let anything stop me.

"I received a telegram this morning, 8th August:—'Cable 29th June thankfully received. All well. Kimber.'

"I hope you and all at home are still in the best of health, as is

"Your affectionate son,

"CHARLES KIMBER."

The following is Corporal (now Captain) Hely's graphic narrative of the escape, which he most kindly permits to be here inserted. After describing their one or two remarkable though unsuccessful attempts to regain freedom, he goes on to say:—

"Finally, the very next Sunday, having arranged pros and cons with my prospective companion, poor Lieutenant Kimber, 47th Company Imperial Yeomanry (lately killed near Rustenburg with General Dixon's Column), and having laid in a very slender stock of provisions concealed about my person, we managed by a little piece of strategy to elude our guards after morning Church parade, and to get clear away from the immediate precincts of the camp. And here I must not omit the opportunity of saying how much we were indebted in

various ways to the kindness of many friends. Lieut.-Colonel Holland (15th Hussars and 47th Company Imperial Yeomanry), Captain Humby, Sergeant Scott, Troopers Nigel, Walker, Dale, Milburn, Belleville, and others contributed small though valuable additions to our stock of provisions; whilst Lieutenant Lord Ennismore (48th Company Imperial Yeomanry) took no small pains towards helping us to a better knowledge of the topography of the mountains we had to reach, and gave us a route by which we not only got on to our right direction, but which also avoided all beaten tracks.

"The Boer pickets had now to be faced, but after waiting till after nightfall, and locating as well as possible their position, we passed them successfully by 'snaking' slowly along the ground, although close enough to hear their voices. A quarter of a mile of this rather painful method of progression took us clear of all apparent dangers, and we then girded up our loins for our long tramp up the mountains, the top of which, after five hours' toilsome climbing and stumbling in the dark, we finally reached. Thoroughly fatigued and aching for sleep we lay down close together to snatch a little rest, but though instantly asleep, the intense

cold woke us up shivering in twenty minutes, it having naturally been impossible to bring away our cloaks or any warm coverings or blankets. There was nothing for it but to tramp on steadily, which we did, with occasional halts of five minutes, until daylight, when it was imperative to take cover until nightfall, we having mutually admitted the necessity for lying hidden and resting during the day, and doing all our travelling at night. We had decided upon a course almost due south-west from Nooitgedacht, our intention being to try and join General Buller's forces, which we judged, from information obtained from some of his scouts who were captured west of Ermelo, that we should probably meet somewhere between Carolina and Bethel.

"An exciting experience marked our first day's camp. We had selected a secluded and heavily wooded kloof to hide in, but after a few hours' rest it was necessary to reconnoitre in order to decide on our route for the next night. This we did cautiously and, having made our plans, returned to our hiding place to wait for nightfall. Our little camp being right on the banks of a small stream, Kimber, tempted by the clear water, left cover for a few minutes and went about twenty

yards away to have a wash, I remaining hidden, but on the *qui vive*. About five minutes after, whilst peering through the bushes, I saw, to my horror, the head and shoulders of a Boer just visible over the top of the ridge opposite. More than this, his rifle was very much in evidence. So close was he, that it seemed he could not help but see Kimber, there being also the risk that Kimber might unconsciously make some noise which would draw his attention. Warn Kimber in some way or other I must; so, not daring to whistle, I made a slight hissing sound through my teeth, which fortunately caught his ear, and as he could see me from where he was, he speedily gathered from the violent motions I made that there was danger, and promptly lay down where he was. To my great relief the Boer passed on and was not again seen. This was a lesson by which we did not fail to profit, and accordingly we never moved from our cover again until nightfall, when we could resume our journey.

"The next night passed without any incident, though in the darkness (the moon was still young) we several times came uncomfortably close to Boer farms, and the barking of their dogs was disconcerting. The travelling was of the roughest, we

being apparently in the heart of the mountains still, and though with the aid of my invaluable luminous compass we managed to keep our direction, the dawn succeeding our second night's trek found us in a maze of mountains from which there seemed no outlet. However, we found a quiet camping spot for the day, and in the evening managed to get out of the tangle. Fortune here favoured us a little, as after an hour's walking we came upon the Godwaan-Machadodorp road and telegraph line, which gave us a slight clue as to our whereabouts. The desire to cut this wire and so temporarily destroy this means of communication for the enemy, was strong, but my wire-cutter was so dreadfully blunt, that we doubted our ability to cut such stout wire without the loss of valuable time. Crossing the road, therefore, and striking out into what seemed flatter country beyond, we kept on very cautiously for about an hour more. Prudence was eminently needful, as whilst reconnoitring in the afternoon we had seen a commando of some 200 Boers with stock and waggons passing over the very ground we were traversing. Shortly afterwards we found ourselves upon swampy ground, and progress in the dark was now not only difficult but dangerous, as we could only

advance by carefully feeling our way with the sticks with which we had provided ourselves. And here occurred another incident, which but for the fortunate fact of my possessing a stick would have prevented this narrative from being written, and have terminated the writer's career. The character of the ground suddenly changed, and I found myself on what seemed to be a river bed, as the soil, which was before soft, had given place to rock. Cautiously I went on, feeling my way ahead with the stick, until, without anything to warn me that danger was near, down went the stick into space. Thinking that it was a hole, I took a short, careful step ahead, when with a feeling I shall never forget, I found myself standing on the very brink of a precipice and looking down into blackness and space. Here, indeed, was a narrow escape from a horrible death, and I could judge something of the depth from the falling of water from the stream which we had been skirting, which, although of small volume above, produced far below almost a roar of sound. Instantly warning Kimber, who was a few paces to my right rear, of the peril, we struck off sharply to the left, and soon left the danger behind. For hours we kept on over the roughest of country, and after climb-

ing down a very precipitous mountain the dawn found us in a valley traversed by a river of good size, which we at once assumed to be the Komati, a conjecture which turned out to be correct. As the light increased and we were able to review surrounding objects and the mountains down which we had at no small risk managed to clamber, we agreed that in daylight we would never have attempted them. Such is the courage inspired by ignorance of danger. However, when we called to mind the difficulties already surmounted and the dangers already passed, we were more than ever nerved for whatever else might be before us.

"And now we had to face an important and a very grave question, that of food. We had started out with a miscellaneous but extremely slender assortment, consisting of two quarter-pound tins of Van Houten's cocoa made up into paste by the addition of condensed milk—a culinary feat I performed before leaving Nooitgedacht—a little pot of Bovril, half a suet pudding (about the size of an orange), a half ration of bread and cheese, two penny sticks of chocolate, and a dozen small flour 'chupatties'; a good half of the total being contributions from generous friends. With the exception of the cocoa paste, one tin of which we

looked upon as our 'emergency ration,' the remainder twice over would hardly have satisfied one hungry man for a single day, and we were two able-bodied men with a journey of five days to provide for. Of necessity, therefore, we were almost on starvation rations from the start. As a result we found ourselves after our third night out with two 'chupatties,' and the 'emergency' tin of cocoa paste remaining, and our hunger being excessive, things began to look a little desperate.

"We had, whilst doing the usual evening's reconnoitring for our route for the night from the top of a very high hill, noticed some miles away to our right down in the valley and somewhat off our road, a farm-house flying the white flag. The flag itself, from previous disagreeable recollections of its use (or rather abuse), we thoroughly mistrusted, but the gnawing pains of hunger asserted themselves, and after a prolonged discussion, we decided to try and obtain food there. Our scheme was to make our way in the dusk towards the farm, taking such cover as afforded, and approach it in the dark, trusting to our luck to persuade the inmates, whoever they were, that we had a detachment of soldiers at our back. The plan succeeded admirably. Under the cloak of darkness

we got up to the house, and having together prearranged all details, I walked up to the house with as much clattering as possible and all the swagger I could assume, and gave in a loud tone the order Halt,' immediately followed by the words ' Extend and surround the house.' This was repeated by Kimber in his agreed role of sergeant at a distance of some fifteen yards, and then for a minute or two he did all he could by moving rapidly and noisily from one place to the other and rattling our two sticks together, to try and make it appear that a party of men were moving to take up the position indicated, manœuvring most cleverly to that end. Meanwhile I heard both men's and women's voices in the house, but there was no mistaking the note of alarm in the tones. I then knocked heavily on the door, and after waiting some two or three minutes a woman asked from the inside in broken English what I wanted. I knew at once that it was a Boer family, but only said that I wanted as much bread and meat as possible, and would pay for it. Some five minutes elapsed, and then the same voice asked in frightened tones what we were going to do to them. I replied that if she at once brought food I and my men would go away and do no harm to anyone. Another few minutes

passed, during which time both I and Kimber, who was watching the back of the house, kept keenly on the alert for any sign of attack on the part of the inmates. Finally a door opened on one side of the house, and a Kaffir came out bringing a plate piled up with bread, rice and meat. I hailed Kimber and told him that I had secured food, but that he was to stay where he was and order every rifle to be pointed at the house, an order which no doubt would have been smartly obeyed by our men had they been there. Meanwhile, selfish though I felt myself in doing it, my own rôle as officer in command of the party had to be sustained, so I speedily consumed a share of the dirty and badly-cooked, though thrice-welcome food, and then called up the 'sergeant,' who also fell upon his like a wolf. Having despatched our hasty meal we presented the trembling Kaffir with two shillings to hand to the inmates, and then with much noise and giving of orders we withdrew our forces and plunged hurriedly into the night, only too glad to have succeeded so well, though probably there was nothing to have feared. However, in case our presence should have been reported to other farms in the neighbourhood, we deemed it wise to put as many miles as we could

between ourselves and the vicinity, so we tramped on steadily through the night, always keeping the river on our left, and by dawn we must have covered over twenty miles. Seeing that this part of the country was not traversed by our troops until some two months afterwards, I have since often wondered what the people of the house must have thought of the sudden descent upon them of a party of British soldiers on that dark night.

"And now we saw signs of change in the character of the country, and judged that we must be travelling on the outer fringe of the mountains and that the veldt could not be far off. But hardly had we got settled down in our hiding-place for the day, when the most welcome sound of distant guns came to us on the crisp morning air, and woke the echoes in the surrounding mountains. We looked at one another for a moment, and then when we realised that we were very probably listening to British guns we could hardly refrain from a cheer. It must be remembered that up to this point our route had been almost entire guess-work, and although from the direction of the sound it was more to the west than we had supposed our troops to have worked, it was no small satisfaction to know that we had taken our bearings correctly.

Elated, however, though we were, we could not disguise from ourselves the fact that the most trying time of all was before us, and to reach our own lines two alternatives were open to us in our onward course towards safety. The first was to make a detour sufficiently wide to allow of our counting upon passing round the enemy's flanking outposts; the second was to push forward in the direction from which the sound came, and trust to luck and such 'cuteness' as we possessed to escape danger. Hunger decided the matter for us, so we elected to go straight on and take our chances. We rested for some hours and at about two o'clock in the afternoon struck out again, deeming it necessary in this case to break through our rule not to travel in daylight. But we had to get on, and having previously ascertained from the compass that the firing was as nearly as possible due west, we jogged on cautiously in that direction, which fortunately still allowed us to follow our faithful guide, the river. After an hour, however, the valley opened out, and we saw farms away off to our left, but too far distant to cause us much uneasiness. There was a Kaffir kraal, though, right in our path, but the precipitous character of the mountains on our right hand left us no choice but

to go on. In a few minutes, however, it was plain to us that we had been seen from the kraal, and first one and afterwards two more figures started to come toward us. The first was undoubtedly a native, but the two behind seemed to be Boers, and we began to think the game was up, especially as they seemed to have their rifles. We saw at once that it was no use to think of making a bolt for it, so we sat down on a rock and patiently waited developments. The native came on, and we saw that he was a Basuto or Swazi in full war dress and armed with a handful of assegais, a somewhat appalling spectacle to an unarmed man who is ignorant of the oncomer's intentions, and who also happens to know the deadly accuracy with which they can hurl these weapons. Our doubts were soon at rest, as he saluted us with a raising of the spears and a huge grin and passed on his way. By this time, too, we saw that the two supposed Boers were also natives, and what at a distance had appeared to be rifles were simply sticks carried over the shoulder with bundles on them. They also were most friendly and with good reason, as we at once saw that they were in an advanced stage of intoxication. With many welcoming signs and much

jabbering they invited us to return with them to the kraal, which we did, only to find the entire inmates, men, women, and even some of the children, numbering fifty or sixty souls, all more or less in a similar state. We then discovered that one of our two original hosts was a Cape boy on a visit, and that he could speak English fairly well, so in the intervals of his hiccoughs and staggering about we learnt that this was a native feast day, and that there was 'plenty Kaffir beer'—to use his own words—circulating. Food was what we required, but they said they had none, and refused to sell some gaunt chickens that were stalking about, in spite of our offering all sorts of inducements. Force we could not employ, so being both sadly in need of some stimulant we tried some of the beer which they offered so freely, and although distinctly peculiar in flavour we found it refreshing and invigorating. We then bethought ourselves of the expediency of securing a guide. The Cape boy required no persuasion whatever, and soon talked his companion over into coming also, telling us that he knew the country very well. With these additions to our force we pushed on. Our guide, who had sobered up somewhat, immediately enjoined silence and caution, saying that

there were Boers about and that we must get away from the river as soon as possible. An hour and a half's rapid walking brought us to where the river entered the mountains from the veldt to traverse the valley through which we had been passing for the past three days, and here, even although it had narrowed considerably, it was still quite a respectable stream, and we got wet up to our waists in crossing it, a necessity due to the fact that our path now lay to the south-west and the stream bore away in a north-westerly direction.

"It now became too risky to keep on in daylight over the open veldt, so we found cover and rested until dusk, when we started again; and after two hours' cautious travelling came upon a road which the guide said led north to Machadodorp and south to Carolina. Dark as it was, I could almost be certain I recognised the country around, as only two months previously I had as a prisoner passed over the same spot, and I naturally contrasted my present exalted feelings with the dejection of my earlier journey under guard. Away to our left, and only about a mile distant was the well-known store and farm of Bonne Foi, kept by Mr. Everard, a man who I had reason to believe would have shown us kind-

ness and rendered us what help he could. Our guides, however, dissuaded us from going over there personally, and volunteered to reconnoitre on their own account, returning in about three quarters of an hour's time to say on no account must we go near the store, as it was full of Boers. Recognising the unfairness of exposing a man reputed to be friendly to the risk of our being found on his premises, we decided not to go over, hard though it was to forego the possibility of a square meal. After resting an hour and sharing our almost exhausted stock of food, we made a start, intending to cover as many miles as possible before our next stoppage, and get clear of this dangerous bit of country. However, it was now necessary to get some news, if possible, of our own troops' whereabouts, and accordingly our guides took us along to a native kraal, where they had friends. Our advent here was anything but a welcome one, and we were promptly begged not to stay, as it appeared that the blacks one and all were in mortal fear of the Boers. In spite of this, the news we obtained was valuable, and decided our future movements. The Kaffirs had, it appeared, reliable information that a British army was advancing from the south, but very slowly, and was still several

days' march away. Meanwhile between ourselves and this army there was a large force of the enemy on a very extended front. This was not reassuring, as we guessed it was General Buller coming up, with a force which we knew to be strong in infantry and which had a large convoy, and could not therefore be moving very rapidly. On the other hand, we were told that beyond Belfast, some thirty-five or forty miles away, was another force, and the one whose guns we had heard in the morning. It took us very little time to decide upon a change of direction. The position of General Buller's army was an unknown quantity, that of Lord Roberts was much more definite, besides which our food was almost done, and we were already much weakened with fatigue and hunger. We altered our course, therefore, to one a little north of west, but nature began now to assert itself and rest was imperative; so after half an hour's walking, in the course of which we came upon and followed for over a mile the embankment of the unfinished Machadodorp-Carolina-Ermelo Railway, our guides brought us to another Kaffir kraal, where fortunately we were made welcome and so were able to enter one of the huts for warmth and sleep. Food we hardly expected, but nevertheless

managed to secure three eggs apiece, and with these were well content. An hour's sleep was, however, all we got, as when the corn cob fire in the hut went out, which was shortly after we lay down, the cold reasserted itself, and soon woke us up. We lay shivering until four o'clock, the hour we had fixed for starting, and then not very unwillingly faced the night again, feeling that even fatigue was preferable to the bitter cold. Our Basuto guide was not, however, to be found, though Jim the Cape boy turned up from another hut, shivering, but still loyal. We searched everywhere for the missing black, but to no purpose, and Jim told us that he had confided to him the night before that he was very much afraid that he would be caught with us and shot; consequently we had no doubt but that he had deserted. However, the trusty compass remained, and by it we again set our course. Daylight broke, but a heavy fog hung over everything, and though we had to pick our way carefully, it favoured us greatly. At eight o'clock we came up to a telegraph line, that from Carolina to Machadodorp. This we felt it our duty to cut if possible, and in turn both Kimber and I, after swarming up the pole, tried our level best with the wire cutter and a nail file to accom-

plish this. All, however, to no purpose, and regretfully we had to abandon our efforts, the wire being too thick. A spoonful of cocoa paste each for breakfast, and on again we pushed, until at about nine o'clock the sun began to appear and gradually dissipated the fog. We at once saw that the country around was the veldt pure and simple, of a rolling character, with long low ridges and plenty of flat, and what was disturbing, apparently much populated, and with hardly any cover. Here, therefore, extra caution was necessary, as once seen there could be no hiding, and recapture would be practically certain; but there was no going back. Finally the Komati, now shrunk to a stream less than half its width as we last saw it, came into sight again. As there was fairly long grass on its banks we crept down and followed it for a mile, having, however, all the time some four or five farm-houses in full view not two miles away. One of these farms especially attracted our notice, on account of the large white flag for which it was conspicuous. Coming to some bushes which gave some little cover, we rested for a short space, and whilst lying down, suddenly the glad sound of rifle fire came to our ears, and from a direction a little to the right of our route. Instantly on the

alert, we scanned the country ahead with our glasses, but could see nothing except one or two people moving about the nearest farms. But the evident nearness of our goal, and the certain knowledge that our troops could only be a few miles away, moved us to further efforts, and though appreciating to the full that this was to be the most critical time of all, our hunger and fatigue were for the time forgotten, and slowly but surely we forged ahead, missing no chance to get cover.

"By mid-day we had worked across a great part of the small plateau in front of us, and were then fortunate enough to find a secure hiding-place in a knoll in its midst covered with huge boulders, amongst which we speedily ensconced ourselves, and whence we could see all that was going on around with little risk of being ourselves seen. And now for the next four hours we were to remain passive spectators of events of a fairly exciting nature. All this time a dropping rifle fire had been maintained, but now it grew heavier, whilst the occasional sound of a pom-pom mingled with the rest of the music. The enemy also was here in view, crowning in a long extended line the top of a long ridge some two miles to our right front, being from their actions evidently the supports to

a firing line further away over the ridge. Glancing backwards to the farms to which we had just passed so close, we saw, emerging from the one which had previously attracted our attention by its white flag of neutrality, some hundred and sixty mounted Boers, who moved off in the direction of their comrades on the ridge. Following their progress with my field glasses, I saw them disappear in a kloof in the hill, where they seemed to remain, only two of their number afterwards appearing higher up. At this juncture it seemed as if the Boers were being pushed back by our men, but knowing now something of their ways, we feared their retirement was but a ruse to lead our men into ambush; and so strongly did this idea fix itself in our minds, that we agreed, on the first sight of khaki coming over the ridge, to make a dash for our men and warn them of the hidden danger. In about an hour's time, however, the fire began to slacken, and between three and four p.m., ceased entirely, and as there was no sign of our troops, we concluded that it was merely a reconnaissance on our part, and that our men had retired, a conjecture which we afterwards found to have been correct. I ought not to omit mentioning that about this time we followed with the greatest interest the movements

of a Boer who came uncommonly close to us, and who in addition to his rifle was provided with a handy-sized white flag which he carried under his right arm, ready doubtless for use at the right moment. I must confess that the incident did not tend to increase our respect for the enemy, and we fairly ached to get at the treacherous bearer of the emblem. The afternoon was wearing on, and we were not encouraged by seeing several Boers detach themselves from the rest and stop and offsaddle at one or two of the farms directly in our line of route. About this time we left our coign of vantage, and pushed on another half mile to a cattle pen enclosed with a stone wall about five feet high. On arriving there we noticed a Kaffir kraal about a quarter of a mile further on, and almost immediately a Boer rode up to it and conversed for about ten minutes with the natives, afterwards riding straight down towards our hiding-place. It looked very much as if the Kaffirs had seen us creep into the enclosure and had informed on us, and every minute we expected to see the nose of a rifle barrel over the top of the wall, and to hear a gruff voice order us out of our lair. We flattened ourselves up against the near side of the wall and waited events. However, although within

a few feet of us, the man passed on, and we again breathed freely. Dinner time had now arrived, and though the bottom of the tin was perilously near, the spoonful of cocoa paste we took for the evening meal was a more generous one than usual, as we breathed liberty in the air. We felt that the trek before us was the last one, and though by this time enfeebled by want of nourishment, our hearts were still stout and spirits cheerful as we started again at dark. We had now Boer pickets to remember and steer clear of, whilst another source of danger was the immense grass fires which had been lighted, and which not only drove us down towards the farms, but by the glare they cast lit up the landscape and threw our figures out into relief. We passed as rapidly as possible through this undesirable zone, and finally got out into the darkness again.

"We were now on the bare veldt, and the moon rising shortly afterwards showed us our course, which we altered to a point or two more to the north than before. Hour after hour we tramped on slowly, on account of our intense weariness, but making few stops for rest, as we knew we were on the final stretch, and an extra effort had to be made, *coute qui coute.*

"The brilliance of the moon appeared to

magnify every object and to distort rocks and trees into human figures, whilst to our overstrung nerves the silence of the night exaggerated every sound to an abnormal degree.

But soon, far away to our right front, lights appeared, and a halt was called to decide what was to be done. We had hardly stretched ourselves on the ground—as was our invariable custom when stopping—when we heard the neigh of a horse amongst some trees near by our right hand, and immediately afterwards the sound of voices. The thud of horse hoofs on soft ground followed, and then after waiting some few minutes we could distinguish away in the distance a small party of men riding in the opposite direction. Anxious as we were to tell ourselves that it was the British lines where the lights twinkled and flickered, we also recognised the necessity for extreme caution in case we were mistaken, so adopting a crouching gait we moved on until we had got the lights abreast of us, and then we saw that they covered an area of some five or six hundred yards, and we at once knew it must be a camp. Keeping on until we had arrived at a point opposite the furthest light of all, and as we judged a little less than half a mile away, we threw ourselves down on the

ground, and foot by foot we 'snaked' along until within a stone's throw, and white tents and dark lines of horses appeared, and, dotted amongst them, two or three half-extinguished camp fires. Our last doubts were then set at rest by hearing a remark in a voice with the special vernacular peculiar to Atkins, so without further hesitation and with what I now recall as the most intense feeling of joy I ever remember experiencing in my life, we walked, tattered, torn, weary, and hungry, into the welcome lines of 'O' Battery R.H.A., in the camp of the Sixth (Inniskilling) Dragoons. To their kindness and hospitality, as indeed to General Gordon and all of the officers of the regiments then comprising the First Cavalry Brigade (Inniskillings, Scots Greys, and Carabineers), I pay a cordial though tardy tribute of gratitude.

"Three days' rest and the best feeding that a somewhat restricted commissariat could provide, set us on our legs again, fit as ever, and enabled us to accompany the forward movement with General French's Division, which, acting in the advance of Lord Roberts' army, took part in the operations which culminated in the battle of Belfast, and the subsequent occupation of Lydenburg, Barberton, and the Delagoa Bay Railway to Komati Poort."

CHAPTER V.

WITH

THE FIRST CAVALRY BRIGADE.

What is the soldier's law? It is, Obey!
His period of service? 'Tis to-day!
Upon his General's mandate, lo! he speeds;
Swift is his course, and gallant are his deeds.

'Tis his, the Heavenly Captain's voice to hear,
To hasten—with no question, pause or fear—
Hither and thither, as to God seems best,
Till the great Hither! calls him to his Rest.

IT was several days before it was decided to what posts Charles Kimber and his companion Ernest Hely should be appointed. Meanwhile they were having a much-needed rest and a comparatively easy time, being well fed, and coming in for presents from the officers of some of the necessaries of life, and for tobacco and newspapers, all of which to them now were welcome luxuries!

The nights were intensely cold, with very sharp frosts. They had a tent given them near the

GENERAL GORDON AND OFFICERS OF THE FIRST CAVALRY BRIGADE.

General's, and close to the hospital lines. They were supplied with plenty of blankets, and a good orderly was assigned to them.

In due time they had a second interview with General Gordon, who was commanding the 1st Cavalry Brigade, which was composed of the Scots Greys, 6th (Inniskilling) Dragoons, and the Carbineers, and was one of three Brigades in General French's Division. General Gordon attached them to his Headquarters Staff, with the rank of Lance-Sergeants, their duties being to act as guides and gallopers at the front of our general advance eastwards.

Charles Kimber's next letter home was dated August 19th, and was written just outside his tent in the shadow of the pretty yellow blossomed acacias, where he was enjoying a quiet Sunday afternoon's rest. He says:—

"The Rev. Paul Bull, an earnest, hard-working, fearless fellow, took the Church Service this morning in camp, with the celebration of the Holy Communion afterwards. I attended both. His little camp fire services on Sunday evening seem to be well appreciated and heartily supported.

"We hear that another prisoner has escaped from Nooitgedacht, and on entering British lines

was unfortunately shot by our own piquet, but was not, I think, seriously hurt.

"I have been reading two interesting books lately; one, 'Into the Highways and Hedges,' which I had to leave half-finished at Nooitgedacht; the other, 'This Mortal Coil,' by Grant Allen, which I am reading now as I get the opportunity. I still read 'Daily Light.' It is a fit title. Like the dear old sun, which we welcome so heartily in this country after the bitter cold nights, I have learnt to appreciate the consoling and life-giving properties of the Light of God's Word. Our times are in His hands, and I am sure that if we do but act faithfully to Him, He will not fail to lead us to that end which is best and happiest for us."

From Wonderfontein the 1st Cavalry Brigade marched to Carolina, which place they left on Sunday, September 9th, and, after a somewhat remarkable and interesting journey, they reached Barberton on Thursday, the 13th. Intensely interesting it was to Charles Kimber, for he had tramped across part of the route for five weary nights when escaping from Nooitgedacht five weeks previously. He was called to ride at the General's side, and was able to give him some idea of the country through which they were about to pass. The last

day's march to Barberton proved an unusually stiff and steep one. The town lies low, and is prettily situated at the foot of the mountains, and is surrounded by all sorts of good natural defences, of which, however, the Boers took little advantage. They made no stand, but decamped on the approach of the British, and practically there was no one to resist their entrance but a few snipers on the hills.

From Barberton, under date September 18th, comes the next letter:—"The most interesting incidents in the capture of Barberton were the release of the remainder of the Duke of Cambridge's Own, and, to me, the meeting my old comrades again. I spent the first night with them, and had many interesting reunions and chats. Colonel Spragge offered me the choice of either staying on, attached to General Gordon's staff, or rejoining the D.C.O. He recommended the former. As I also preferred this, so it is settled, and I am now no longer a member of the D.C.O. Corps. I found our men had been well treated by the Boers, and now that they are released they are put on guard over the Boer prisoners, and get very little leisure. They rather envy me, and think I am 'lucky.' Boers continue to come in and surrender. There are still

a lot of evil-looking fellows, supposed to have surrendered, wandering about the town, who, I think, would be more suitably under guard and arrest. I have made the acquaintance of the young Wesleyan minister here, and slept a night at his lodging, and had a meal or two with him. His name is Titcomb, a very nice fellow.

"We are just getting into the rainy season here. The wind and rain are something phenomenal at times in these parts.

"I am trying to get a remount. The horse I have, never since I had it a good one, is now thoroughly 'done.' He did me, however, a good turn the other day, and galloped me out of a hot Boer fire. I was coming away with a picket of three Lancers from a white flag farm, and as I was handing the man riding next me a sword which he had lent me to look at, and as he was extending his hand to take it, a bullet was fired from behind into his arm. We galloped off with bullets whizzing close beside us, but got safely back to camp. General French met us as we finished our gallop, and ordered the farm to be shelled. One could not see a Boer anywhere about, but apparently they were quite near the farm and belonged to it. Since the Boers almost invariably

use smokeless powder, there is nothing to guide you as to where the firer is, the report being the only indication, and that a poor one.

"I have also been under 'pom-pom' and 'shell' fire since I joined this Brigade, but have not lately been in any big engagement.

"The Boers do not seem to be standing anywhere now, yet continue worrying. I think the majority of both Boers and Britons will be heartily glad when the war is over. The cost to John Bull is enormous, over £1,250,000 per week, whilst the cost to Brother Boer is comparatively trivial.

"Clothes and food-stuffs are high-priced here, cigarettes unattainable, and drink (not that this bothers me) very scarce, except in the officers' messes.

"I wonder when I shall get any letters. It seems so long since I have heard from home. I feel sure, however, they are in the country, and waiting to be sent up."

Not many days after writing this he had the longed-for pleasure, and received a big batch of letters, dated from 2nd May to 12th August, the perusal of which took him more than two days. Writing to his elder sister from Barberton, on September 25th, he says:—

"Your letter of August 12th and enclosure reached me here yesterday. They are very welcome. Yours was the first English letter I have had since I was taken prisoner on May 31st. Your news and letters are very refreshing, and I fully appreciated and felt the truth of the texts you mention. God has indeed been very good to me, and He has shown me much of His own power, and much of man's impotence. I have certainly been through much that I can fairly call trying experiences and hardships, which I do not feel any regret for. On the contrary, they were experiences I should have regretted missing, and many of them I should have missed had I been made an officer; though I have been tempted at times to think myself ungenerously treated when, after my escape, my request for a commission was not granted. There is a great gulf between the ranks and a commission. The officers of the regular army, however, have been very friendly, and I have met many nice fellows among them. You will have seen the news of my journey from Nooitgedacht in my letters to father and mother. It was a tough journey, but we had set our hearts and minds on bringing it to a successful end, and, having committed my way to Almighty God, I did

not fear, whatever the result might be. With the exception of a little exhaustion now and again, consequent upon the lack of sleep, and insufficiency of food, I felt well and confident throughout, and enjoyed the novelty and excitement. I am writing this at the Barberton Railway Station, where a train, a locomotive, and some dozen empty trucks are waiting for the line to clear (it is only a single line track) to take away Colonels Spragge and Holland, and other D.C.O. officers and men on their way to Pretoria. What they intend to do there, or what will be done with the corps, does not appear yet to be known. The men are keen on being disbanded as soon as possible. The railway line from Barberton is broken at Avoca, where the Boers blew up a big bridge. They are making a join by deviations at Avoca, and hope to get it finished in a week's time from now.

"I have been going up and down the line lately, helping sometimes as guard of the train, and sometimes taking messages to various officers, etc. One of the D.C.O.'s, only a few years out of Eton, is engine-driver, and young Biggs, R.E. (of West Hill), is R.S.O. (Railway Staff Officer) at Avoca just now. I have often seen him since my escape. He seems very well and happy, and has been very kind."

In another of Charles Kimber's letters home, dated September 29th, Barberton, he writes:—

"I was greatly pleased to feel that my escape gave so much pleasure at home, and I feel now it was worth trying for that alone, though regaining one's freedom and getting out of Boer clutches was satisfaction enough. I had long before contemplated escape when on the march to our imprisonment, and spoke to many about it. I greatly regretted not having tried to escape, the second bivouac after our capture, the night after Methuen's relieving force had entered Lindley, and we had seen their shells bursting among the Boers; but I was bitterly cold, we were half starved, and I suppose I hadn't the pluck! Another reason may have influenced me; we all thought—the Boers did also—that we should be released by Methuen's army. However, we were not. Another reason why I am glad to have escaped is, that I have been enabled to see the working of an important brigade in actual warfare, and have rubbed shoulders with officers and men under interesting circumstances.

"I have not yet taken up any permanent work here, as I want to stick to the 1st Cavalry Brigade till the finish, but I have been down to Avoca

several times, helping on the line. Avoca is a rather pretty place, though small. A good river runs through it, in which the 'Tommies' fish. I had an enjoyable bathe there. Several Kaffirs were revelling in a similar occupation at the same time. It was interesting to see them; they seemed thoroughly to enjoy it. I hear crocodiles frequent the river, also that they prefer black man's legs to white—comforting, *n'est ce pas?* Snakes of rather a bad kind abound also in that district, the maruba being of a specially bad character."

Leaving Barberton the first week in October, the 1st Cavalry Brigade marched on to Machadodorp through Godwan, Nooitgedacht, and Watervalonder, another interesting and now familiar route to Charles Kimber. Besides the rain, the thunder and lightning were very severe, and two men and several mules were killed.

From Machadodorp, on October 9th, he writes:—

"A large number of troops are here awaiting re-equipment, reorganisation, remounts, etc. All the things you sent me came in useful, especially the camphor. I do not remember seeing—and smelling!—so many dead horses and mules about as I did on our last journey. They are left on the road. It is a sorry sight to see a poor mule or

trek ox, after weeks or months of hard labour—being much cursed and thrashed—left to die, and yet sometimes it seems a happy end for them! The weather here is smoking-hot in the day, very cold at nights. I don't mind this as much as I do the rain."

General Gordon's Brigade left Machadodorp on October 12th, and for nearly a month had a very hard march to Pretoria, through Ermelo, Bethel, and Heidelberg, fighting every day, for the first part of the way the Boers, and latterly the elements. Two letters from Charles Kimber were written on this march, the first one to his elder sister:—

"BETHEL, 21*st October.*

"Just a few lines in the course of an exciting march from Machadodorp, through Carolina to—wherever the Boers will let us go. We have had fighting every day, and there have been many casualties. The Boers have been firing into one of the camps here, and evidently mean to hamper our march as much as possible. We have a big transport with us and only rations for a few days, so the outlook is interesting! We are sending our sick and wounded to Standerton, trusting the Boers to treat them humanely. The Boers who are

fighting now seem very bitter at our burning the farms. They lately kept one of our doctors (Dr. Russel, of the Scots Greys) and threatened him, only sending him back after much delay, and with messages to the effect that we need not expect any mercy now.

"We have had many casualties among the officers—one poor fellow, Swanston, of the Inniskilling Dragoons, I saw stiff and stark on the open veldt, just shot, the little bullet wound about so big—O—with just a smear of blood round it, showing on the right side of his stomach. He was a great athlete, I believe a Cambridge blue, and much liked. This makes the fourth casualty among officers of his regiment that has occurred on this march alone."

The same letter continues, on October 25th:—

"Since writing above we have been travelling daily across country, and starting before dawn. As waggons and tents have to be packed, and horses saddled, and coffee made before starting, this often means rising before 3 a.m. We have been harassed by the enemy every day, though we have been able to drive them off without much loss. There is a big mule transport and ox convoy with us, which necessitates our travelling slowly (about 15 or 16

miles on an average per day). It is this convoy, I think, which these misled bandits think they can capture, and which is attracting them, but so far they have tasted nothing but British lead!

"We have had one or two severe thunderstorms, and these marches mean a great deal of extra strain and labour for both men and horses, even when the enemy are not worrying as well, but the health of the troops keeps good. Horses, oxen, and mules have, I think, suffered more even than the men. I have been quite sorry to ride my nice, willing little chestnut so continuously, though as it is I have no change horse, and it is getting a sore back, a common complaint out here.

"I am still galloping for General Gordon. I gather from home letters you have not seen much of his movements mentioned in the newspapers. This may be because the 1st Cavalry Brigade is one of those in French's Division, and as we have been working conjointly with him they would probably mention him and not Gordon. French made several little speeches to the men in different camps at Bethel, the last place where we stopped for one day's rest. He referred in terms of high praise to the work the men had done, and promised that they should not be called upon for further service

at present when they reached Barberton, unless special circumstances required it.

"I enjoyed my thirty-sixth birthday yesterday in my own quiet way, rising soon after 2 a.m., lighting my candle, and reading my 'Daily Light' and asking for God's blessing. I did not intend to wake till nearly an hour later, but, being awake and feeling fit, I preferred keeping awake and starting on my duties in good time. I had some coffee and a biscuit, and we were off soon after 4.30 a.m. From then till 2 p.m. I got nothing more, except a few raisins and a biscuit which were given me, which, however, were enough!

"Except feeling sleepy and exhausted, I felt well. My horse, when I off-saddled, very soon lay on his side and went to sleep, which I thought was sensible, and was glad to see. After getting a little food, and doing a 'wash-up' and shave, I took an 'easy' myself. It is such a relief getting into our bivouac and settling and feeding before dark. What a difference darkness and wet weather mean to us when we come to a 'halt.' I hope to get birthday letters from you and ——, and from home, when I get to Pretoria. Of course I had none yesterday, but felt you were thinking of me, and perhaps your promising little olive branch was

blossoming out into some sweet prayer for me. Give him my love and a kiss, and tell him that God has been very good 'to Uncle Charlie.'

"I cannot say when this letter will reach you; I expect about Christmas time. Anyhow, it conveys to you my best love and earnest wish that you and yours may have a blessed and happy one, and that God will keep your new home truly the abode of Peace (*Eirene*=Peace)."

This letter is finished at Heidelberg on October 29th:—

"I received your 'South African Pioneer' (Missionary Reports), but have not come across Mr. Taylor, Darroll, or Huskisson yet. I met two of the missionaries working among the soldiers at Bloemfontein—very good fellows and hard-workers.

"I make a point of going to the Sunday services whenever I can and looking up the clergymen. We had two good services in the English Church here yesterday. They asked me to sing in the choir, but as no one else was there, I thought I could help as well in the congregation, so sat in a pew.

"I am still only a non-commissioned officer. I would like to deserve and get a commission, but

I prefer to do my service faithfully to my God, and wait His time for any promotion. I mess with the Sergeant-Major and Corporal of the Head-quarters Staff, and am having a better time of it as regards food, etc. It is a curious position; men and officers both fraternize with me. I rough it like the men, and yet have a few privileges, *e.g.*, a little extra weight in the waggons, a black boy, who, however, is as useful to the others as to me, and no extra duties outside galloping—which is officers' work. I am glad, however, to have had this experience and insight into military life on active service, and to have been through what Tommy himself has to go through. The men seem to keep very well and chirpy. They are practically all cavalry men, many reserve, though young."

The other letter home was also written on October 29th, from Heidelberg, and is as follows:—

"I have been under fire several times on this march, but never wounded. I have got an interesting curio which I hope to bring home, though it is so easy to lose things when trekking like this. It is a shrapnel case, one of our own 12 pounders, captured by the Boers, which burst beautifully all among the Staff, without a casualty to man or

horse! I still keep well, but am glad, like others, of this rest.

"I attended the service at the English Church this morning. It was a military service; that is to say, the military chaplain preached, and the generals and plenty of khakis were present. One of the hymns was that of which the last verse is:—

> Lord, it is my chief complaint
> That my love is weak and faint;
> Yet I love Thee and adore;
> O for grace to love Thee more!

My love to God is poor and faint. I feel it is so; yet I feel I have a deeply-rooted fear and honour in my life for Him and for all His works. Pray that I may have an ever-increasing, abiding love for Him and His.

"One of the men told me yesterday I was getting fatter. I think he was wrong, but I am feeling fit, thank God. We all grow older—but, if happier and better, what matters it?"

On November 3rd, French's Division, including Gordon's, Mahan's, and Dickeson's Brigades, arrived at Pretoria, travel stained and horse worn, all thankful for the opportunity of a rest and refit. The Brigades were camped outside the town, but many Staff officers were in quarters in town.

General Gordon had a small house allotted to him, and his brigade staff had quarters of a rougher description near by. Charles Kimber, with the Staff Sergeant-Major and the Corporal, was in an empty house formerly occupied by some of the 48th Yeomanry. The house was quite bare, but for a few things that had been left, but it had a bathroom, plenty of water, and also a small kitchen. In his first letter from Pretoria, dated November 4th, to his elder sister, he writes:—

"It is such a treat to get a roof over one, in the rainy season, and we have made ourselves fairly snug this time in a small empty house. There are two or three black boys with the waggons, including my Joe, who is rather useful as an interpreter. These fellows help us in the cooking and cleaning departments, but are lazy beggars, and want a lot of looking after. Their great enjoyment is sitting round a fire with lots of tobacco and food. They like serving with the English soldiers, and those who do so consider themselves very superior to those who do not. There is no doubt, however, that they require a good deal of corporal punishment in many cases, but if one is reasonable and firm in one's requirements, and can be constantly by them, this would probably be unnecessary.

"I am writing this letter in bits when I can. I find it difficult to get in much writing even when resting, but do not want to seem neglectful. If any kind friends enquire after me, or expect letters, please explain. I often think of you all and of them, in my solitary times, and at other times also, for though among numbers, I know what it is to be very much alone!

"November 11th (Sunday).—Since writing the above my Joe has departed, not this life, I hope, but from my service. He was here in good humour, and, I believe, quite fit and happy up to the time of his departure. He said nothing to me about it, but simply 'skipped.' I am afraid there is a lady in the case! I have not felt his loss yet, although I think he is a great deal better than a lot of boys I have seen. As he assisted in my escape from the Boers, I felt he had a special claim on my care and protection.

"I have been several times to the Soldiers' Institute here (South Africa General Mission), where I have got paper and envelopes and have written a letter or two. No services are going on just now there, but it is all the same doing a good work and helping 'Tommy' do his duty. Just as I came into the big room on one occasion, a photo-

graph was being taken of it, so, if published, you might discover Sergeant Kimber sitting among the crowd. I do hope that you, father and mother, and all our family circle, will have a very happy Christmas and much blessing. I fear from mother's last letter she was unwell and anxious. I cabled her yesterday in case she might still be uneasy. Give my love to dear little Theo, thank him for his prayers, and tell him that Uncle Charlie asks God to bless Theo. . . ."

One afternoon during his thirteen days' stay at Pretoria, Charles Kimber went "to listen to the band," the first he had heard, except drum and fife, since leaving Cape Town. "It was a poor show," he says, "but the music was certainly refreshing."

Leaving Pretoria at 5 a.m. on November 14th, the Brigade made a pleasant day's march of about twenty miles towards Johannesburg to Kaalfontein, without coming in sight of a Boer. Here they camped for the night, in torrents of rain, and in the morning everything was so wet they could not light fires, and had to start off without breakfast at 5 a.m. Charles Kimber had managed to sleep under a waggon, and had a drink of coffee and a piece of biscuit given him by one of the officers, which kept him going. They then marched in

drenching rain about fourteen miles to Elandsfontein, and camped there for the night. Johannesburg was only six miles off, and all were very disappointed on finding next day that they were not going there, but were ordered to proceed to Klip River Station, some eighteen miles south, which place they reached the same day, November 15th. This move was evidently for the special purpose of co-operating with General Hart's Brigade against a party of Boers who were known to be in the neighbourhood, and had lately been doing much sniping, for on arrival a reconnaissance in force was made by the 1st Cavalry Brigade. The camp was left with the usual servants, orderlies, etc., and a sufficient force as guard, and the remainder started out of camp at 6 a.m. in fighting order in a westerly direction accompanied by French and his staff. It was fine weather, and all were keen and hopeful; but, except for seeing a few Boers, capturing some oxen, burning two or three farms, and receiving a few Boers who gave themselves up, nothing more was accomplished. The next day was an easy day in camp, and the following day Charles Kimber and one or two other officers were allowed a few days' leave of absence, and went into Johannesburg. He put up at

Heath's Hotel, and much enjoyed the luxury of feeding, sleeping and washing more like a human being. While there he wrote in a letter home:—

"I have lately heard I am to have commission rank, and am to be attached to the 6th Dragoons (Inniskillings) as Second Lieutenant. It is local rank and without pay, so I don't think I shall get very fat or proud on it, although I feel pleased to have the rank. I still hope to hold out to the finish of the war, and to show that, whether volunteers are taken seriously or not, there are some of them who did not merely come out to play. The chance of honour and glory does not appeal to me in the matter, nor do I feel particularly bloodthirsty. I shall be quite glad when the war is over.

"The climate I feel is doing me good, and what I have lost in wealth I have gained in health. I have sent one or two Christmas cards to the Hospital, and one or two to others, but have had to omit many of my oldest and best friends."

In another letter, written while on leave in Johannesburg, to his elder sister, he wrote:—

"I last night attended a little meeting at the South Africa Mission Hall, at the rear of this hotel. Mr. Gibson and Mr. Muter were there. The sub-

ject of the address was the 'Emptying of Self'—the surrender of all and everything for God to use. The speaker concluded with the little tale 'O.H.M.S.' (On His Majesty's Service), the application of which by Christians to the everyday details and duties of life removes all discontent, doubt and gloom. I cannot, however, confess to feeling free from doubt and gloom myself just now, though I have applied the test. Perhaps I have not fulfilled the conditions of blessing. Probably my self-surrender is not complete. It is a painful process, this surrender of self; it is against the grain. I have had a lot of it during this campaign, and in many forms. Yet one knows that more and better is always given than what is surrendered. And again if one had the love that is due to God in one's heart, all self-surrender would be easy. I do feel I am wanting in that love, and trust it may come soon and ever deepen and increase. Don't be anxious about me. This gloom and these difficulties are due to our own ignorance and want of faith, and I yet feel confident that it is but the instruction of a loving Father who will bring us safely through all to a more perfect life. As you say, every cloud has its silver lining."

Charles Kimber and the other officers on leave

were on November 30th telegraphed for from camp—a place called Meyerton—for another expedition, in pursuit of Johnny Boer. This time the 1st Cavalry Brigade were operating with Generals Hart, Douglas, and Babington. The objective of the four Brigades, which were coming from four different directions, was a place called Losberg, where a force of Boers was known to be. General Douglas arrived near or at Losberg long before the other Brigades. His arrival apparently warned the Boers of the approach of the British, and they saw their opportunity, and fled. As someone wittily remarked, going after detached parties of Boers with Brigades is like "trying to catch a mouse with a traction engine"! They returned to camp after a five days' outing, the only compensation for not having had a brush with the enemy being that they brought in a number of women, children, and cattle.

In a letter written from this camp, Charles Kimber says:—"Being an officer now, I have two servants, one to look after me, and one after my horses. I am a member of the officers' mess, so did not feel the hardships of the journey so much as I otherwise should perhaps have done. They rigged me up a blanket as a tent (we had no regu-

lation tents on this march), which kept the wet out beautifully. However early we start we have a hot breakfast, and where circumstances allow—that is, if we have our waggons with us and are not on the trek—can reckon on a good lunch, tea, and late dinner.

"Gratified though I am at getting promotion, I don't feel particularly elated or proud about it. The greatest pleasure I honestly think is that which I am hoping it will give you all who take any interest in me. The senior officers are inclined to be a little indulgent with me, as I am new to the game, have an honorary post, and still do the galloping for the regiment—but I have let them know I am quite willing to do my share of picket and other duties whenever I can be of use, and have to take my turn."

On December 8th Charles Kimber was deputed to go into Johannesburg to buy stores for the mess, so he had another pleasant visit there of two days, staying at Heath's Hotel, and there meeting several officers whom he knew, and making the acquaintance of others. The Sunday he spent with his friends who were working with the South Africa Mission at the Soldiers' Institute. He writes:—"I much enjoyed the quiet, useful, restful

day I had with Gibson and Muter. In the evening I went with them to a big marquee in the Police Barracks, where they usually hold a meeting on Sunday nights. It was a small meeting, but there were several Tommies there, and it was bright and interesting. Gibson asked me if I would like to speak. I declined at first, but felt this was cowardice and unbecoming a soldier of God and our Queen, so I got up and tried to tell the men something of my Nooitgedacht and other experiences, and to draw what lessons I could from them that might be profitable. It was an effort, I assure you, and I broke down completely, but I feel sure that my effort was used and accepted of God, and am comforted in that faith. I am a wretched speaker. My emotion always makes me feel such a weak drivelling creature and chokes my utterance. There was a specially interesting Tommy there, M——, recommended for the Distinguished Conduct Medal, seemingly a straightforward, cheery, manly fellow, but too fond of beer, and a little elated with a superabundance of it then. He had heard our singing in the tent, and had come down to join us." This is all that Charles Kimber says of this incident, but in a personal interview with Mr. Gibson, who was present, the

writer was told that his breaking down seems to have touched a chord in this man's heart, for he rose, and without any prompting, and in a voice of emotion said, "Friends, he has broken down because his heart is too full of the sense of God's love and goodness to him. I am not a Christian, though I have tried to be one, and wish I were one. It is the drink that keeps me back, but I have made up my mind from to-night I will have done with it."

At the close of the meeting Charles Kimber went up to this sergeant, had a talk with him, told him he was a teetotaller, and tried to show him Christ as his Saviour. He also gave him a Kruger penny, and dated it in remembrance of that night on which the poor fellow resolved to give up the drink. A short time afterwards, through the ministry of those gentlemen at the Soldiers' Institute, and of the Rev. R. B. Douglas, this man not only came to know the Lord Jesus as his own personal Saviour from the penalty of sin, but came to know Him as his Saviour from the power and dominion of sin, and to-day he is a living witness of Christ's keeping power, and steadily keeps the pledge. A man of strong character, once a ringleader in lawlessness, he is

now, by the power of God's Holy Spirit, not only a faithful soldier of the King, but a leader in blessing to others, fighting manfully under Christ's banner against the world, the flesh, and the devil. The change in this life began through Charles Kimber's breakdown in that little meeting. How marvellously God used and accepted that effort—seemingly a failure—which he had made in Christ's name and for His sake, to His own glory, Eternity only will reveal! Truly God can use the "weak things" of this world, and man's extremity is here again God's opportunity.

Very shortly after Charles Kimber's return to camp, the 1st Cavalry Brigade were ordered off at short notice, and by forced marches reached Krugersdorp—"the heart of Krugerism"—on December 16th. From then, and for a good month, they were engaged in a hard and, as far as their object was concerned, an unsuccessful bit of trekking. He wrote to his mother from Krugersdorp on the 18th:—"We have been here three days, and leave to-morrow at 3 a.m., destination I know not, but I believe towards Rustenburg. I am living more comfortably now, being an officer, and get plenty to eat and drink. To-day I have been orderly officer for the day, which has kept me busy

since 4.30 a.m. It means being present at the 'stand to,' 'stables,' 'watering,' 'grazing,' etc., etc., in fact, being the officer on duty to see that the men properly carry out their duties, and to be present about camp all day.

"The C.I.V.'s seem to be having a hearty welcome home, and deserve it, though I expect it will be overdone if there is much more of it. C.I.V. is used out here as another word for 'Jam' by the regulars!"

In another letter, written in camp on Boxing Day, during a ten days' reconnaissance from Krugersdorp, he says:—

"We have been having a lot of unpleasant trekking lately, getting up at all kinds of awkward hours before daybreak, from midnight onwards, doing long and exhausting days' marches, without apparently accomplishing anything. We seem to miss the enemy altogether. He seems to know exactly where we are, and walks round us. We never know when we get into camp how long we shall stay. Packing up and striking camp is no light matter. We are all heartily sick of this apparently aimless, hopeless trekking, and with never a fight now to 'buck us up,' and the end of the war still out of sight. Yet unless we want the

work of the past year to be fruitless, some force will have to remain to see it out, and this Brigade is still part of the force which is selected for that purpose. I would be as glad as any to see the war all over, but I should on principle like to stay to the end if possible and see it out. I would like to come home feeling that I had stayed to the end, and that that end was a 'Peace with Honour,' and that I had in some way usefully contributed to it. I hope, too, that I may come back better in every way than when I left. Yet, as regards appearances, be prepared for shocks, for I steadily continue to lose my hair!

"Though still keeping well, there have been many times when I have not felt up to the duties and trials of the day; but a prayer to God, accompanied by a little effort on my part, has always brought me the grace and strength sufficient. Man's extremity and weakness is God's opportunity and power. I hope you find your days full, and that you enjoy them. One is often, I think, tempted to say 'there is nothing to do to-day,' but this, of course, is our blindness, for there is always something. 'Do the next thing, however small, and your day will be full.'"

Charles Kimber's next letter, to his mother, was

written in camp on Sunday, January 6th, twenty-three miles from Krugersdorp. He says:—"Ever since we left Krugersdorp, before Christmas, we have been on the open veldt, hunting the enemy with indifferent success. It is trying and disappointing work, as he is difficult to find, and, when found, rarely fights, and is still more difficult to catch. Yesterday we not only found him, but he fought and stood his ground for three or four hours, inflicting some loss on us, and then got away. We had two or three casualties in the Greys and Scots Guards. I was galloping that day for Colonel Pulteney of the latter regiment, and went with them into action. I was again under fire, Boer bullets whizzing by me, their number and proximity taking me back in thought to that unfortunate time at Lindley. An officer of the Greys, Lieut. Finlay, was shot in the arm and leg. He was standing by Colonel Pulteney, and was just going to sit down to avoid being a target for the hot fire that was just then being directed at him, with his hand on the ground, when the bullet came, passing through both arm and thigh. I had a chat with him in the evening. He had suffered a good deal of pain, but was much better then and in good spirits. No bone seems to have been

touched, and he hardly knew at first that he was shot. He has done over twelve months' service out here, and I daresay would be glad of a well-deserved rest at home. We are kept continually on the move, reveille two hours before dawn. The last two days we have done twelve hours' work on the top of it, not getting into bivouac till about 4 p.m., nor finding opportunity for a meal during the day. I am very drowsy sometimes, and I don't find it difficult to sleep when I have the chance, though my bed is still just a mackintosh sheet and a blanket or two. We are under canvas now, and so have some protection from the rain.

"You ask what you should send me. I really need nothing, though a pocket handkerchief, pair of socks, packet of chocolate, a piece of soap, newspaper or 'Great Thoughts' now and then would be acceptable. Of course there are heaps of things I could do with, but do not require, for the more one has, the more there is to look after. I hope you are keeping well yourself. You will understand why I have not been able to write lately. I shall hope to hear soon from some of you how Christmas passed off. Please give my love to a' (as the Scots say). I wrote a few New Year cards, but as they have no envelope or stamp I ha' ma

doots they will ever reach my native land. Goodbye, dearest mother. I, like the majority of us, shall be very glad when the war is over, and I should like to stay to the end. I am not now free to go and come as I please."

Another seemingly unsuccessful bit of trekking brought the 1st Cavalry Brigade to Kaalfontein on the railway near Elandsfontein. The principal thing accomplished was the saving of their convoy which was coming out to them from Krugersdorp, and which the Boers vigorously attacked with big guns and rifles. Again Charles Kimber had Boer bullets whizzing all around him; it is marvellous, he says, under such showers of bullets, how few men are hit.

General Knox, with the 2nd Cavalry Brigade, was at Kaalfontein at the same time as the 1st Cavalry Brigade. Charles Kimber rode over with Colonel Pulteney to see them, and both were hospitably entertained by the General and his staff. They also met General Barton, the Officer Commanding the district, and General Plumer.

"The Scots Guards," Charles Kimber says, "who are the only infantry with us and nearly 1,000 strong, have been sticking to it gamely, and are a fine lot of fellows, showing on service the

superiority which they are credited with at home. But the last day or so the trekking in the hot sun has been telling on them, and they have fallen out in large numbers. They always, however, fall in again, and go cheerily on the next day. The officers seem nice fellows.

"I have still been doing the same duties on the staff. I am a sort of permanent galloper now, and my horse has been doing his duty horsefully, though now almost galloped to a standstill. The veldt is pitted all over with these ant bear holes, which make one keep one's eyes open. Tumbles are very common, but rarely serious. I have had three altogether, once into a pond, but I was not hurt. The grass is now so long, it is difficult for horse or rider to see the holes.

"I was talking yesterday to the Boer 'laager commandant' whom we took prisoner. He readily gave us a good deal of information. It is evident that some of the Boers want a great deal of pressing to fight, and funk it, while others are most determined and still believe they will win. Delarey goes into action with a sjambok, and tells the Boers who plead sickness that 'they will have to fight to-day and they can go sick to-morrow.' Beyers seems to be a very religious man, and

objects to fighting on Sundays. He seems to have greater influence over his men than most Boer commandants. The Boers make good independent fighting men, but do not easily submit to discipline.

"With Generals Clements, Babington, Paget, Plumer, Knox, and Gordon, and with French at Johannesburg pulling the strings, we ought to round up some of these Boers soon. We are expecting three mails to-day, and everybody is anxiously awaiting. I don't want any more smokes. A bit of soap or a handkerchief makes a good present. . . .

"Remember that whatever happens here on earth, we have always the kindest, most wise, and loving Father in Heaven, who 'doeth all things well.'"

On January 16th the 1st Cavalry Brigade went into camp quite near to Johannesburg, finishing a very hard month's trekking, both men and horses being fairly exhausted and needing rest. It was then divided up as shown in a letter which Charles Kimber wrote to a comrade in the "Duke of Cambridge's Own," who had recently gone home, and which permission is kindly given to publish. The letter runs as follows:—

"IN CAMP NEAR JOHANNESBURG

"*19th January.*

"MY DEAR ——, I was so glad to hear you had been to see my people. It was very kind of you, and they much appreciated your visit and news.

"I wrote you from Barberton telling you I could not trace your missing property. My history since then has been varied, and more or less interesting. Life has been easier, though I have often had to rough it much since I last saw you.

"The 1st Brigade is now to be split up, one part under Colonel Allenby, in command of this regiment, 6th Inniskillings, and the other under Colonel Pulteney, of the Scots Guards. Our regiment will be in the latter, so I suppose I shall be, too. We keep trek, trek, trekking after Johnny Boer, but with indifferent success. When will it all end? we all say. 'Eikona.' We have just come off a hard four weeks' trek, and are now resting a day or two, awaiting further orders. . . .

"I shall be pleased if you could find a few spare minutes, and give me news of yourself and others of the Corps.

"I hope one day I shall have a happy home of my own, where I can bid you a hearty welcome.

"I have often thought of our little talks at Nooit-

gedacht, and of that time when, speaking of our faith and religion, you told me you had once essayed the Christian faith, but gave up the practice, finding it demanded too much surrender—too great a strain—and I remember the well-founded surprise you expressed at me, who professed that faith, tolerating what I did. I am conscious your comment was just, of my very imperfect life, and of my falling short of what I should be. But failure, to my mind, is no reason for abandonment; a plant is not grown in a day, and however poor show we make we must grow, if we are rooted in that Faith which I am confident is the Faith both of yourself and myself. A close following of that profession of faith certainly demands much surrender and effort, but I find there is a compensating strength, and that one is never deprived of that for which there is not more than ample compensation. There is one thing that must be admitted about the Christian religion. It never made a man a worse soldier or less a gentleman. Its refining influence is marvellous. Christ (reverently speaking) was, to my mind, the highest type of gentleman. I hope I shall not offend you, old chap, writing like this. Unless we had seen so much of one another, and I had so many remembrances of your friendliness

and friendship in those days of our extremity, and unless I knew we had so many feelings and characteristics in common, I should not have ventured so far. I am trying now to get a short leave, to see my brothers in Natal. I still should like to be in at the finish of the war, but hope that will come soon. I still adhere to my teetotal pledge, but for those who take liquor—and they all do—there seems plenty, and a variety. I have not had a day's illness since leaving Matjesfontein, and am feeling fit.

"Hely left us some time ago. I think he has secured some good railway billet at Laurenço Marquez. He knows the Portuguese lingo.

"I hope you are keeping up your singing. We have had one or two camp concerts, but none so enjoyable as that one we attended together in Barberton gaol.

"Now good-bye, my brother yeoman. May you live long and happily, and may God bless you, is the earnest wish and prayer of

"Yours sincerely,

"CHARLES D. KIMBER."

Charles Kimber, on the breaking up of the 1st Cavalry Brigade, applied for the leave he hoped

to get, and obtained it. He left Johannesburg on January 24th for Pietermaritzburg, en route for his brother Percy's farm at the Dargle (thirty-seven miles above), where he arrived next day. He was met at the Dargle Road Station by his brother, whom he had not seen for eight years. He stayed a week with him, and then went to Durban to see his brother Walter (a solicitor), with whom he stayed a fortnight.

CHAPTER VI.

WORK AT ELANDSFONTEIN.

> Who works for God, and, in His Name, for all,
> To him is nothing great and nothing small:
> The purpose stamps the service as Divine,
> And dullest deeds with Heavenly lustre shine.

UPON the expiration of Charles Kimber's visit to his brother Walter at Durban, he paid another visit to his brother Percy at the Dargle on his return to the front. While there he learned that General Gordon had sailed for England, an incident which materially altered his position. In a letter written from his brother's house, and dated February 21st, he thus refers to this change:—

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,—On my return to the front after a short visit to Walter at Durban, I see in the papers an announcement that General Gordon returned home by the ship leaving Durban last week. It was news to me, and a great disappointment that I was unable to see him off and

say 'Good-bye,' as I have been on his staff ever since my escape from the Boers, and I was his orderly officer at the time he gave up the command of the 1st Cavalry Brigade. I do not know what my duty will be now, but I propose going straight up to Headquarters at Johannesburg or Pretoria, and seeing what there is to be done."

The next day he left the Dargle for Ladysmith, en route for Headquarters. Writing from the Royal Hotel there, he says:—"I have been spending the day visiting some of the battle-fields and monuments around, and find them very interesting. I have also visited the cemetery, and have written to Miss Dalziel about her brother's grave and monument there. Ladysmith is now a very pretty, quiet, but deserted looking place. I called on Mr. T., a business friend of father's, also on Archdeacon Barker, the English clergyman here, who did very useful work during the siege and afterwards. There is a good deal of Long Tom's handiwork about the place, e.g., a big hole in the porch of the English Church, and a bit out of the Town Hall tower. There are also some nasty shell-holes in this hotel. I am still keeping well, with the exception of a cold I took at Percy's, and which, I think, I brought from Durban. They say it is a common experience

to escape colds on the veldt and get them in towns. I am trying giving up smoking, so do not tempt me with any more nice cigarettes or tobacco. It all helps towards self-mastery and unselfishness. Pray for more of that excellent quality for me."

From Ladysmith Charles Kimber journeyed to Johannesburg, where, on arrival, he found that, without either his knowledge or consent, he had been made a Yeomanry officer. He, however, raised no objection, although it was not exactly the position he had hoped for. On this subject he writes:—"I don't feel bound to accept the position, and have had a bad time deciding what I shall do—come home, or see the war out. I really feel much tempted to return. Against that there is my original and oft-repeated intention to stick it out to the end. The war is not so interesting now; there is much hard and uninteresting yet most important work to be done. Thank God we seem approaching a finish, yet it is not finished, and success will attend the side that can hold out best and longest. 'Perspice finem,' and that is what is prompting me to stay and see the war out."

He continues,—"I have not had any letters from home for some five weeks now, and expect there will be several waiting for me with the Inniskilling

letters. These may alter my plans. It is chiefly with the view of getting these that I leave here for Newcastle to-morrow. That is the place on the line nearest to where the Inniskillings are now supposed to be. I shall try and get out to them by the next convoy of supplies. Besides getting my letters, I have several things to settle with the regiment—my kit, horse, servants, mess account, etc. The Colonel (Rimington) has a camp bed of mine which I lent him. This, however, I shall leave with him if he particularly wants it."

A little later he writes:—"I have the necessary permit to go, and have arranged to keep in touch with Headquarters at Johannesburg in case I may be wanted. I had another chat with Lord Chesham, head of the Yeomanry, yesterday. He appeared very friendly, and again referred to General Gordon's reference to me, took a note of my qualifications, etc., and said he would do what he could for me. Sir Alfred Milner was here yesterday, and Lord C. said he might get an opportunity of speaking to him about me. Sir A. Milner was lunching at this hotel yesterday. I saw Mrs. Botha the day before, rather a gay-looking young thing. She has been staying at the hotel. She was with a very ponderous-looking dame in mourn-

ing, and a man. They drove away together, I don't know where, but let us hope to Botha Commandant, to instil into his heart and mind the intention of surrender and an early peace.

"Johannesburg and Pretoria are very empty. The hotels, clubs, and some of the shops are open, but there is no life in the places, except the military administration which is kept going. You see no large force of troops in the place, only a few officers and men here and there, coming in from the camp outside for some special purpose, or officers having staff appointments. When I was at Pretoria lately I stayed at the club; it is cheaper than the hotels, and there I met several of them. I called and saw Preece again, and found him comfortable and jolly. He kindly asked me to lunch with him, and was very patient with me in my repeated enquiry for letters, etc. I met Lane, one of the D.C.O. officers, now one of the military station-masters at Pretoria; also, to my pleasant surprise, Hely, my fellow-traveller from prison, now Assistant Director of Railways at Laurenço Marquez with rank of Captain. He had had fever, and was on his way to see Colonel Girouard. He will get on and honour. He came on here (Johannesburg) with me, and we had a good long

talk over old friends and times. When in Johannesburg I have been spending my Sundays with Mr. J. C. Gibson, who is connected with the South Africa General Mission here, and with his friends, going to a Church service in the morning, a walk together, then dinner, then a rest, or read or write. Last Sunday we visited the hospitals, and saw among others one or two Scots Fusilier officers recovering from enteric, also Finlay of the Scots Greys, who was wounded near me some weeks ago, and whose wound has not healed as well as it first promised. I had several interesting chats with sick and wounded. Then back to tea, and went afterwards with Gibson to a service he was taking at Fordsburg, a mile or two out of the town. Such days I find restful and refreshing, giving direction and encouragement for the journey ahead. Mr. Darrol has been staying with Gibson. He seems a bright, quiet, devoted worker. To-night we went down to the Convalescent Depôt here, and spent the evening with some fifty or sixty convalescent Tommies, a regular Sunday sing-song, which they seemed thoroughly to enjoy and appreciate—an informal meeting. Gibson spoke. I was reading to-day with much interest General Gordon's (Khartoum Gordon) Letters to his Sister.

They are most interesting. Will you buy a copy for me? There are one or two other letters in the book, perhaps the most interesting being the first, one from our own dear departed Queen, showing how deeply she could feel for her subjects."

On March 11th, Charles Kimber arrived at Newcastle, and writes from there under date March 12th:—"I go on to Dundee and Vryheid to-day, which I hear is my best way to the Inniskillings. It has been horribly wet weather lately, and the country is looking deplorable, the bare undulating stretches of veldt so inhospitable, and the wretched little encampments guarding culverts, bridges, and stations, so forlorn and war-sick. For the last part of the way I had as travelling companion a Mr. Newbold, who had come out to see young Bass of the 10th Hussars. Bass was at one time attached to the Inniskillings, and was on Gordon's staff, so I know him slightly. I breakfasted and am lunching here to-day (at the Salisbury Hotel —typically colonial) and have met Major Karri Davies. Bass and Newbold are also here. Newbold appears to be a great friend of Mr. Biggs, and I was able to give him news of young Charlie Biggs, R.E."

He reached Dundee on the 13th, and from there

to Vryheid offered his assistance to a convoy of some sixty or seventy waggons of supplies and 500 horses. Writing to his mother from Vryheid, on March 20th, he thus describes the journey:—

"I arrived here last night after a week's trek with a convoy of sixty or seventy waggons and five hundred horses. The distance is only about fifty miles, but the weather was very bad, the roads heavy, and we had two or three rivers to cross. We had a great time with the horses crossing the Buffalo river into the Transvaal. The stream was very strong, and there was only a draw pontoon bridge, which we were not allowed to use for the horses. We had the greatest difficulty in getting them across; they would not face the stream without a great deal of whipping and a multitude of niggers hooting them in. I tried to get the niggers to swim them across, but they did not care about it, wanted more money, and said they could not swim; so I undressed, put on my sky-blue pyjamas, and tried myself. I then got two or three Kaffirs to follow me, but we could not manage it. The horses in their fright at the current got rid of every hindrance, reared up in the water, and would not have us on their backs at any price. It had the effect, however, of inducing a few more to go

into the river, and swim across by themselves when we could stick to them no longer. We got about 450 across, with a loss of only about six drowned, which we thought, under the circumstances, was good. We had to leave about a hundred on the other side, under the care of a Lieutenant Walter. We could wait no longer, so Captain Lachlan Forbes (formerly R.E.) and Captain Vansittart (formerly 5th Dragoon Guards) and myself came along with the rest. We have about fifty niggers with us.

"The Boers are reported in strong force in this neighbourhood, and many Boer families appear to be in the town. We had to have a strong escort coming here. There is a garrison of infantry here, and a few mounted men. The Boers recently destroyed a bridge this side of Jager's Drift, which causes us a great deal of delay. We had to wait till the new one was ready, which meant waiting two whole days. However, we all got in safely last night, and the escort has started back again this morning.

"My object in coming here was, as I think I have explained, to get in touch with the Inniskillings, get my letters, and settle up with them before taking up any fresh duty. The Inniskillings

(Pulteney's force) are expected in here or near here any day now, but their movements are necessarily uncertain. My own movements will depend, I think, a good deal upon theirs, and upon what is contained in my letters. I have not had any from home for some six weeks. When I have settled with the Inniskillings I shall have to report myself at Headquarters. I shall try and keep you advised of any fresh work or appointment I get. I am not disposed to take on anything that will prevent my returning home when the war is over. This is quite a pretty little town, but there are too many Boer faces about, and the evidences of war too marked to permit of one's enjoyment of it. I am feeling very well, and hope you and all at home are also well."

The Inniskillings reached Vryheid a day or two subsequently. Charles Kimber obtained his letters from them, settled his accounts with the regiment, and left on March 25th, on his return to Dundee and Johannesburg. He writes the same day and says:—"I am starting to-day on my return with a Major Beresford (formerly in the Navy) and without escort. It is supposed to be risky, and I hesitated about going; but in 'Daily Light' this morning I have just read 'The Lord is my helper,

and I will not fear what man shall do unto me.' 'Behold I am with thee and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest'; and so I have decided to go." In a later letter he thus alludes to this journey:—"I had a very nice ride from Vryheid to Dundee—forty-five miles. We left one morning at 11 a.m., and arrived next day about one o'clock—no escort, no Boers, beautiful weather, and agreeable companionship." This was the same journey that had taken him six days to trek with the convoy. He then went on by train to Johannesburg, where he arrived on the 30th.

His next letter was written to an old schoolfellow, who, four months later, was married to his younger sister:—

"MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—I have just received your letter of December 27th, and am heartily pleased to hear you are still gaining ground. This is the country and climate for you. I have heard of marvellous cures here—such clear atmosphere and abundance of sunshine, without oppressive heat. . . . I would suggest that you should take a house somewhere out here, and take in some two or three patients to start with. If you found it answered, try more, and so on, till you could start a Consumptive Hospital of your own. It is

bound to come. Johannesburg has an excellent climate, except in winter, June and July, when the dust would be trying to any one suffering from lung weakness. Living there, too, is expensive, though you would live quietly. The Orange River Colony is more suitable. You would be able to work up a good practice in any town there, I think, and could make yourself a specialist for lungs. 'Who best can suffer, best can do.' It would not be a bad plan, if you marry this year, or even if you do not, to take a trip out here. If you could be spared from home, and found the climate suited you, I feel sure you would enjoy the life.

"I am still keeping fit, such a colour on, too, you would hardly know me; alas, all to disappear! I have just returned from Vryheid. I met the Inniskillings there. They were very nice, and pleased to see me back. They did not seem to know till then that I had been transferred again to the Yeomanry. I am glad I was with them until the breaking up of the 1st Cavalry Brigade. I wonder if you ever met General Gordon. . . It was a great disappointment to me not to see him before he left for England. He stuck to the work well out here, and had very little soft time.

It was a constant trek and fight for the 1st Cavalry Brigade. . . . Now good-bye, old fellow. . . I have been away from England just a year. In the little book, 'Daily Light,' which A. gave me the day I left, March 31st, 1900, and which I have carried ever since, and which has proved to me the greater light in great darkness, the text for that day was, 'My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in Christ Jesus.' It is for all. Take it as yours, old fellow, and believe me,

"Yours affectionately,

"CHARLIE KIMBER."

To his younger sister Charles Kimber writes under date March 31st:—

"I have not yet been appointed to any particular corps or duty, but expect to hear soon. You ask, do I feel justified in staying out here longer, and you give some excellent reasons for my speedy return. These and more have already been before my mind, and I have felt the inclination and temptation to return, especially when the 1st Cavalry Brigade broke up. When General Gordon went home I could easily have returned. But so long as I shall be doing useful work out here, I should like to remain and carry out the wish expressed by our dear old Queen so recently,

when thanking her Militia, Volunteers and Yeomanry for the sacrifices they had made and their work done, viz., 'That they would continue to assist the regulars till the end of the war.' I came out with the intention of seeing the war to an end, and it has always been my wish to do so, most heartily glad though I would be to hear that the end had come, and conscious as I am of many calls at home. I have sought guidance of God throughout, and pray that I may serve Him faithfully to the end. I know of nothing that would give more genuine happiness all round out here just now than a proclamation of peace. But how can we hope for it yet? Only some two nights ago another train was blown up on the line near Pretoria. On my way to Vryheid within the last fortnight we had a sentry shot, and this afternoon I hear from an officer just in from near Krugersdorp of a patrol having just been shot out there. Coming up here yesterday on the line near Vlaklaagte, we passed some four trucks recently derailed and looted by the Boers in spite of the escort. It all means that the end is not yet. We shall have to stick to it. Now is the cross-bearing time; we cannot hope to win the crown without it.

"I went to the Wesleyan Church here this morn-

ing, and heard an excellent sermon by the minister, the Rev. R. Rogers. He spoke a good deal on the thought I have just expressed, also on Christ's sufferings, and the utter failure of the whole world, even of His best-loved disciples, to understand or to sympathise with Him, yet His abundant sympathy with all—Christ's sympathy. I think you would have enjoyed it. I have heard several excellent sermons from Wesleyan ministers since I have been in this country. Do not think I am likely to become a Wesleyan, or to join any other sect. My present feeling and practice is to regard every congregation where God is worshipped, and His word faithfully preached, as part of the Church of God, irrespective of denomination, and of the Church of England to which I belong. I think it is a useful change now and again to attend services at Presbyterian, Wesleyan, and other non-conformist churches. The worship and service is often more hearty in them. It is Passion Week. May you have a joyful Eastertide.

"Now, dearest Jessie, good-bye, God bless you.

"Affectionately your brother,

"CHARLIE D. KIMBER."

On April 4th, from Heath's Hotel, Johannesburg, Charles Kimber writes:—"My long wait has

been rewarded by a large mail. On my return from Vryheid, and since up to date, I have received letters dating from December 30th to February 17th. I had an interesting time with the Inniskillings at Vryheid; it was very nice meeting them again, and they all seemed glad to see me. They are off again with Pulteney's Brigade. Colonel Rimington said he found my camp-bed very useful, so I let him keep it, as he was going on 'trek' again, and had been having a very wet time. They have made me an officer in the new Yeomanry, but as they have done so without my knowledge or consent, and as it may keep me out here after the war is over, I am seeing if I cannot do something better, which will not keep me out here longer. I spoke to Lord Chesham, who was very nice about it, and gave me a letter to Sir Alfred Milner's Military Secretary, Major the Hon. Mr. Lambton, through whom I am applying for a fresh billet. He tells me that the applications are numerous, and he cannot hold out much hope. I do not, however, feel worried about it. In the meantime I am staying here, and am trying not to waste time. I do not, however, mean to wait here indefinitely if I can help it, but I must be patient. The hotel is expensive, £1 a day! and not par-

ticularly good, though the best here, and one has the opportunity of meeting nearly all the officers and others who keep coming and going. I have, however, now changed over from there, and am at present boarding with the Wesleyan minister (Rev. R. Rogers) and his wife. They are a very bright pair, and they seem an earnest, hard-working, happy couple. Their place is near the hotel, and next to the Wesleyan Chapel. I came in yesterday. To-day (April 5th) is Good Friday, and most of the churches are having 11 o'clock services. I shall be going this morning to St. Mary's, the English Church which the Boers were going to blow up with Lord Roberts in it. Though a low, unpretentious looking building, it is very high, ecclesiastically speaking. I like plenty of good music, in which the congregation can join, and I like the building as beautiful as one can have it, though these impress me as superficial and sham where there is not earnest worship in spirit and in truth. After all, that is what makes a Church. I am always inclined to distrust a worship which is composed of much form or ceremonial. I go because it is the Church of England, where I can be taught of God as well as in any other Church, but 'it is the Spirit that teacheth.'

"The weather here now is perfect; the days are so clear, bright and exhilarating. It is a great compensation to Johannesburg to have such blessings. The town is very empty still. I am happy to think that spring must now be breaking upon you in old England again. What a lovely time it is. I wonder if I shall be home before it is all over.

"Since writing this letter I have been to Church. We had a good sermon. Christ died to save the whole world, not any portion only, not the elect only, but all. I stayed to a portion of the three hours' devotional service which followed.

"I met Sergeant M—— the other day. He is quite a character. He showed me the Kruger penny I gave him as pledge. He has kept the pledge, Gibson tells me, and has definitely decided for Christ, and is working among his comrades. I cannot claim this as my work. The South Africa General Mission has worked and prayed for him."

"Care of Rev. R. ROGERS,
"Wesleyan Minister,
"*18th April*, 1900.

"You see I am still in Johannesburg, and living at the same place, awaiting orders from Headquarters. I am not finding time hanging heavily,

being busily employed all day, reading, writing, visiting the hospitals, attending meetings, etc. I think it does one good to go and see some of the poor fellows sick and wounded, and they always seem pleased to see one. I have visited two or three interesting cases lately. Two badly wounded are Constable (a Sergeant in the R.H.A.) and another, Prentice (I.Y.). It is doubtful if either will recover. Both men are conscious, and Prentice most hopeful, though his is the worst case. They both look wasted and ill. A cousin of Prentice was reading some light literature at his bedside! I had a chat with both, and gave P. one of those little leaflets, 'I believe God answers prayer,' told him of my escape from prison and how it had helped me, and hoped it would help him. Another interesting case is that of poor young Gildea, a subaltern in the Scots Fusiliers, who died this afternoon. He had had enteric fever complicated with lung trouble. He had seemed better lately, and everything was hopeful, when a sudden change for the worse came. He was told he could not live, but he said he would try and fight it out. His widowed mother (her husband was formerly a Colonel in the same regiment) has been nursing him. She and his soldier servant completely broke

down at the last, but he was most brave and calm, and tried to comfort them. He asked to see his brother officers, and said 'Good-bye' to them. Several were deeply affected. He showed a brave and Christian spirit on his death-bed, and must have consoled his mother much. I did not go into the room to-day, but sent in to her my copy of 'Daily Light' with my card in it to mark the place —'In time of affliction.' I have not seen her since, but hope she read it. I shall probably see her to-morrow at the funeral.

"I went to a meeting of the S.A.G.M. to-night, where Mrs. Osborn Howe was speaking. She quoted a beautiful thought of a well-known Christian who said he always spelt 'disappointment' with an H, thus: 'His appointment.' I made another attempt to speak at a meeting to the Tommies the other night. It was rather painful at first, and I could not say much. I wish I had more love, for that I think is the root of all happiness, and casts out fear and selfishness. I do not seem to realise what the love of God to us is. I believe it, but do not feel it, probably because I love myself too much.

"I can assure you I do not relish the idea of further campaigning, and have had much hesitation

in offering to continue my services, and have only done so after earnest prayer for guidance, and in the full belief that it is God's will I should do so, and that He will make all things work together for our good. I do not think the Boers are the good men they are often believed to be. They are no more the elect of God than the British. I believe the cause for war was a just one, and that this war will do away with a terrible lot of corruption and bad government in this country.

"I bought a couple of songs to-day:—'For all Eternity' (Mascheroni) and 'A Song of Sleep' (Lord Henry Somerset). I sang that good old chestnut 'The Midshipmite' at a Tommies' concert a few nights ago. They put in a very enthusiastic chorus, and seemed to relish it. They are very fond of singing.

"I have just received orders to report myself at Elandsfontein for duty. It is the Yeomanry depôt, only about six miles from here. I shall hope to report next mail what my duty is to be, but if you do not hear, don't be surprised, as I might be out on the veldt again anywhere. I do not feel much glory in what I am now doing, but have given you the reasons for the course I have taken. Pray that I may keep faithful to God, steadfast

unto the end, and that peace to us and honour to God may come quickly."

The following are extracts from Charles Kimber's diary:—

"Saturday, April 20th.—Leave Johannesburg for Elandsfontein. I pack up. See sister Evelyn at Rogers'—she says 'Good-bye' and a few kind words. When I arrive at Elandsfontein, take trap and drive out to Imperial Yeomanry camp, about two miles—5s. fare—near Simmer and Jack Mine. Find things rough and ready, but ask and ask, and find those who can are ready to help.

"Struck with Yeomanry stamp, a very mixed lot. Go over to Soldiers' Home, call on Osborn Howe, who gives me a hearty welcome. He just about to hold meeting with his wife at the Home. I at his invitation stay and have tea with Palmer, the Superintendent (two eggs—a rare treat nowadays).

"Sunday, April 21st.—Rise at comfortable hour to a bright day. Large number of men off before I am up. Men get short notice to quit here. Most of the Yeomanry boys quite fresh out from home. Many non-coms. very little better than privates. Attend Church parade and sing lustily. Sermon on Christ the Good Shepherd, 'The Door.' Walk

with Russel round little cemetery. Sit and chat with Lawrence (Lieutenant Imperial Yeomanry) in his tent. Hankering after something better than a Lieutenant in Imperial Yeomanry. I, too, am tempted to be dissatisfied, but trust I am led, and desire to earn my position and be satisfied in doing my duty fully and relying on God for the rest.

"Walk over to Soldiers' Home, find meeting in progress; go in and join. Mrs. Howe asks if I will say something. I do, and do not feel afraid; firmer and more pleasure in speaking.

"Monday, April 22nd.—See Colonel Smith (the one-armed commandant), tell him who I am, and that I am ready to do anything.

"Maitland Kersey suggests I take a squadron of 'Duke of Cambridge's Own' at inspection this p.m. Inspection by Kitchener and Chesham at 3 p.m. Kitchener asks me if I came out with my lot. I tell him, 'No,' but came out over twelve months ago, with original D.C.O.

"Wednesday, April 24th.—Captain Macrae (Camp Adjutant) asks if I am one of the old Imperial Yeomanry, says I ought to be on the staff mess, and had better for the present consider myself on the permanent staff. Farewell dinner to Smith, room limited, so I walk over to Soldiers'

Home, and join in Palmer's meeting; a Bible lecture on the Divinity of Christ. Chat and have refreshment, and cigarette. Should not have smoked. I take on Hamilton of 56th Irish Yeomanry, as my servant. He at Lindley and Nooitgedacht with me."

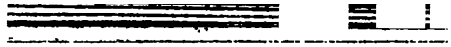
(Letter.)

"ELANDSFONTEIN,

"*Saturday, 27th April.*

"I am writing in the Soldiers' Home. Law Palmer, the Superintendent, is a capital worker and a cheery fellow, and I have been trying to help him. I have been 'venturing' or rather 'trusting' more lately, and have been consequently doing more. The Home is about three quarters of a mile from the camp, but the meetings are crowded. There are about 2,000 Yeomanry in camp. They keep coming and going. At present I am on the permanent staff, attached to no particular regiment. I hope you won't be disappointed that I am in the Yeomanry again. I am really trying to be led of God in all this campaign. He can always give more than He takes away. I am not honour and glory hunting, and shall be content if I can faithfully fulfil my duties to the end. The more love I have, the more faithfully and happily I think I shall

EXTERIOR OF THE SOLDIERS' HOME AT RLANDSFONTEIN.



perform those duties, for love casteth out fear, and makes labour light. It is a long lane that has no turning, and I often wonder if I shall be home before summer is ended."

(Diary.)

"ELANDSFONTEIN,

"*Friday, 26th April.*

"Stick up notice of meeting at Soldiers' Home for to-night; Palmer and Lieutenant Kimber, Imperial Yeomanry, as speakers. Get no special duty to-day, though offer my services twice to Colonel Deane, O.C. Marquis of Tullibardine sits opposite me at lunch. Loaf about after lunch awaiting orders; get none. Read a chapter of 'Donovan.'

"Walk into Elandsfontein, call at Post Office there. Tea at station. Boyd Carpenter and one or two others there. Walking back, meet Captain Home, 6th Dragoon Guards. He Signalling Instructor at Johannesburg. Get back to camp about 6 p.m., go straight to Soldiers' Home, and join in the singing before meeting. Room soon fills, hearty singing. I give out a hymn, then read the 3rd Chapter of Revelation, say a few words, do not feel so weak in myself. Palmer gives a splendid address and earnest appeal—'Can a

Christian be a man?' Afterwards he gives me some food and tea, and we have a couple of games of billiards on the Home tables.

"Saturday, April 27th.—Cold early morning, but fine hot day. Feeling fit, though depressed rather at the uncertainty of my position. No particular duty yet. Roam about and do what I can in a small way. Go over and see Palmer. He tells me of his proposed week of special services; I approve the advertisement, and offer to pay half expenses. Look up Dowson, F.F.C., also Rev. Captain Burgess, that cheery, earnest Evangelist. He taking voluntary service in camp to-morrow. Asks me if I will address the meeting, tell him of my previous feeble attempts, but decide to go. I changed my quarters to Headquarter lines to-day. Share Booker's tent. He an Irish fellow on station work.

"Sunday, April 28th.—Enjoy my breakfast with Carpenter. Receive orders to proceed to Pietermaritzburg to look after some stationery stores—'very urgent.' After getting my railway warrant, and leaving notes for Burgess and Palmer with my servant (Hamilton), Carpenter drives me to the station. Take my bag and great-coat. Leave by mail train 8.20 a.m. Pleasant run down—get an

end compartment to myself. Dine at Volksrust. Change carriages at Charlestown. Get through to Newcastle, and halt for the night. Capital sleep in railway carriage.

"Monday, April 29th.—Comfortable day's travelling, three other companions for most part of the way; one, Carter, formerly 'Times' Correspondent in former Boer war; was on Majuba and taken prisoner by Boers, remembers Hector Macdonald a private there. He had to point out Colley to Boers. The back of Colley's head blown off, face intact. Points out the interesting parts of the famous Colenso and Ladysmith battle-fields as we pass through. He now the great defender of the treason prisoners. Pass Dargle Road about 4 p.m. Drop a note for Percy into station-master's hands. Reach Pietermaritzburg before dark. As I walk to Imperial Hotel, Jennie's nurse runs across the road to me with little Guy under her arm, and I see Jennie [his sister-in-law] fit and smiling at the corner of the pavement. Very pleased to see her. She staying at Imperial, just back from Cramond, and lost her train at Dargle Road. I go and see Barnes and have a yarn. Back to hotel. Dine with Jennie, and Percy comes in half-way through, and we spend a happy evening. Music going on

in the drawing-room by a solitary young female. To the strains of a waltz, Jennie and I do a dance on the tiled pavement."

"MARITZBURG,
"*30th April.*

"Percy and Jennie returned to Dargle Road to-day by the morning train. After seeing to my business, I called at the very pretty little Soldiers' Institute here, kept by the Misses Walker, had a cup of tea and piece of cake, and chat with them. Such a clean, snug little home. They showed me over the place. It is an independent home, run by them, and combines both the spiritual and material side of the work. There is another home in this place doing excellent work. It is beautiful weather here now, and the place—to me, coming from the Transvaal—looks very peaceful and pretty. On the journey down I began reading 'All Sorts and Conditions of Men.' One learns much from good books, but I think far more from our own thoughts and experiences. Learn to think. I find it very difficult sometimes."

(Diary.)

"Wednesday, May 1st.—Travel through to Glencoe during the night, sleep in train—comfortable night. Feel liverish, probably train travelling.

"Thursday, May 2nd.—Arrive at Elandsfontein about 2.30, with my three packing cases and smaller packages. Telephone Imperial Yeomanry camp and report my arrival, and ask for waggon. Wait about an hour at station. Waggon arrives; load up, and see it off. I follow, walking. Dine at mess. I broach the subject of 'camp concert.' They tumble to it. Colonel approves, so I go round afterwards, soliciting support. Visit subalterns' mess, get promise of help there and elsewhere.

"Friday, May 3rd.—Rise after an effort, God helping me. Refreshed. Go through and check list of goods I brought from Pietermaritzburg with Cook. Busy myself with preparations for the camp concert to-morrow. Visit the Sergeant-Majors, and interview officers to get list of 'talent.' Find willing helpers. Visit the rest camp, borrow piano from sergeants' mess, arrange about camp fire. I go to meeting at Soldiers' Home at 6.30. Burgess takes meeting. I on platform. About 100 men present. B. asks me if I will address or pray. I ask him to address, and I will do what I can afterwards. He gives an earnest, powerful address and appeal in his easy, chatty manner. I add a few words of testimony, so feeble, yet God so great and will bless them. B. asks for a few

minutes of silent prayer, and appeals to those who wish to be saved to hold up their hands. Some five or six do so. He prays, we sing again, the benediction, and the meeting closes. He and I chat with those who stay. I give 'I believe God answers prayer' to one, and write on it, 'God is faithful and will deliver,' with to-day's date on it. A young gunner also decides for Christ to-night. Burgess and I stay and have supper at the Home with four men—Christian workers—finishing by a chapter, which I read, and a prayer by Burgess.

"I walk back to camp, part of the way with him, to the sentry. I do not know the countersign, so interview the Corporal. He tells me it is 'Putney' [his own home]. I go on my way rejoicing! Have a tussle in my tent over the evening pipe. Give it up and sleep well.

"Saturday, May 4th. — Busy about concert preparations. Ask God's help and get it—the concert being much enjoyed by officers and men. No lack of performers—about two dozen too many! Get opportunity of friendly chat with Colonel Deane. He willing I should go and ask for billet on Kitchener's staff, or take squadron, or go home.

"Tuesday, May 7th. Pretoria.—I write application formally to Commandant here, asking for

squadron with rank of Captain, mentioning my having been out over a year, briefly in what capacity, of my having qualified as Captain in 1884, and giving my age.

"Thursday, May 9.—Visit Johannesburg. Call at Army Post Office for letters. Catch 5.15 train back to Elandsfontein with two other yeomen (Lieutenants). Clear, starlight night. Walk up to camp. Comet looking beautiful, and shedding a reflection of about twice its length.

"Find I am on Court-martial to-morrow."

(Letter.)

"HEADQUARTERS, I.Y. CAMP,

"ELANDSFONTEIN, 10*th May*.

"I am still on the Staff here, and have just been deputed to do R.S.O. work (Railway Staff Officer) at Elandsfontein. I do not know how long it will last. I do not think the duties are onerous, chiefly seeing to the arrival and departure of the Yeomanry. I still live in camp.

"I went to Pretoria one day this week, and saw Colonel Hamilton (Kitchener's Military Secretary) about a billet. He recommended me to Colonel Henderson (Director of Military Intelligence) for the post of Intelligence Officer at Ventersdorp, where the present officer has gone sick. The new

Yeomanry are nearly all distributed from here now, so there may be a reduction of the permanent staff here at any time. That is why I am looking out for other work."

(Diary.)

"Saturday, May 18th.—Speak to a Tommy on the railway platform who, playing with a dog, used the expression 'Jesus Christ' loudly and irreverently. I ask him to remember that, if he did not respect that Name, others did, and I did. I ought to have said more, I think.

"Sunday, May 19th.—Hamilton, my servant, comes into tent as usual soon after daybreak, but this a.m. tells me he is ordered off to Kimberley to join the Police. I shake hands with him, and wish him 'Good-bye,' with God's blessing. He won't take money, but I give him 5s. Another soldier volunteers to be my servant and look after my horse till he goes, which he expects will be in a few days' time. I smoke to-night on returning to my tent, but don't feel happy about it. God give me grace to throw it up, if so be His will.

"Monday, May 20th.—Colonel Deane calls me —just been asked to find officer to take seventy-six prisoners (on their way from Greenpoint) from Elandsfontein to Eirene, near Pretoria, and gives

me the job. I ride off, after borrowing a revolver without ado, take over the prisoners at Elandsfontein, after Captain Clerk calls the roll and finds them correct. They entrain—big set of well-seasoned, good-looking men, tractable and good-tempered. Have chats with them—tell them I was their prisoner about this time last year. Train runs past Eirene. I stop it. Detrain the prisoners and a small escort, count them, deliver them over to Captain Pitt.

"Tuesday, May 21st.—Q. lends me a bed. I get my servant, Perry, to help me in with it to my tent and make it. A long chat with him, seems a nice-minded fellow, ardent volunteer, and good shot; impressed by Palmer's speaking; was present when I was on the platform.

"Tuesday, May 28th.—Feel well, but not inclined for dinner. The question of what course I should take arises; accept what orders I get from Headquarters, whether as Lieutenant Imperial Yeomanry in the field or otherwise, or take my discharge, or go for staff or other billets more attractive than Imperial Yeomanry Lieutenant. Pray earnestly for guidance. Decide not to press for promotion or seek other work, but to accept such orders as I get from Headquarters, and hold

on, trusting God for guidance, protection, and such honour and promotion as He may see good to give me. Get Perry to make me some ration biscuit and condensed milk porridge, which I take in lieu of dinner."

Charles Kimber writes to his elder sister the same day that the above entry was made, and again refers to his difficulty in discovering exactly what God's will for him was. He writes from

"HEADQUARTERS, ELANDSFONTEIN, *28th May.*

"I have received yours of 2nd, giving advice of the three cases of presents for the soldiers, for which many thanks. I have not received them yet, but will look after them, and shall be very pleased to distribute them. Meanwhile please convey my best thanks to Mrs. Cunningham and her Association, for their generosity and practical sympathy. It is very likely that I shall be sent off on 'trek' in the field again shortly. If so, I shall try and take some of the things with me, for it is there that these things are most needed and deserved. I have had a great conflict with myself the last few days, deciding what I should do. . . I have prayed earnestly about it for guidance, and have tried to put aside all motives of like or dislike. I feel God is saying to me, 'Do as you like and

trust Me. I will protect and bless you in whatever course you take.' I have therefore chosen the course to which I feel least inclined. Pray for me that I may do my duty faithfully and fully in it, seeking God's glory in all things.

"We had a court-martial in this camp the other day. I was a member of it. The charge was theft, and the sentence eighty-four days' hard labour, and dismissal from the King's service with ignominy. It was read out to a general parade ordered for the purpose, the prisoner being present between two guards with fixed bayonets. It seemed a hard punishment, but theft is a bad and common crime on service, and needs strong measures to check it. I do hope and pray the punishment will not harden, but prove a blessing and redemption to the man—quite a young fellow he is.

"Since writing the above I have received orders to join a squadron in General Thorneycroft's column at De Vet River in Cape Colony, so soon as I have completed a duty I am now on here—an Ordnance Committee taking stock at the stores here. We shall complete the job this week, and I shall be off on Monday morning probably. The whole staff here is being broken up, Colonel Deane himself expecting to go shortly.

"May 31st (the anniversary of my capture).—'Daily Light' of this morning I found helpful and encouraging, also the text you quote in your letter, 'Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, while we look not at the things which are seen,' etc.

"May God bless us all and release us all from the bondage of fear, and doubt, sin and self, and unite us again in His own good time, with that blessed love, joy and happiness which He alone can give and which can and will satisfy us.

"Yours lovingly,

"CHARLIE."

"P.S.—I feel I am taking a step of faith now into the darkness."

On Sunday, June 2nd, writing from the Yeomanry Headquarters at Elandsfontein to a friend in Aberdeen, Charles Kimber says:—

"MY DEAR MR. J.,—Here I am with your kind letter before me, in almost the depth of a South African winter (ice in my tent this morning and my sponge frozen hard), and wondering how you and Mrs. J. and all your circle are faring in a Highland summer. I fear the war is still far from over.

We have just got news of the recent fighting at Klerksdorp, where so many men were killed on both sides. The new Yeomanry seem to have suffered severely. We have very few details yet, but it looks as if they stuck to it well, and there was some of the good oldfashioned pluck and fighting displayed. . . I am off early to-morrow to Vet River, below Kroonstadt, being posted to a battalion (the 18th) of Yeomanry in Thorneycroft's Column. I have only a Lieutenant's rank. God forbid I should boast. I know from what I have seen out here, the many strong men who have gone, how weak and frail a thing is man, but I have not been in a hospital as a patient a single day yet, and I have been out now fourteen months in all sorts of privations and weathers. I thank God for the good health He has given me. I know I am not a strong man, and it is wonderful. I still am a teetotaller, and am beginning to knock off smoke. You were always abstemious as regards your drink, but used to smoke too many cigars. I hope you have long since corrected this, and have had freedom from those bad throats you had."

Charles Kimber did not go the next day to Vet River to join a battalion in Thorneycroft's Column, for, before the day on which the above letter was

written was over, he received orders to proceed that night with five other officers for Klerksdorp, to fill vacancies caused by the recent fighting at Naauwpoort with General Dixon's Column.

After the usual Sunday afternoon Bible-class at the Soldiers' Home, and whilst having tea there with Mr. Law Palmer, Rev. Captain Burgess, and twenty men, an orderly came in, saying the Adjutant wished to see Lieutenant Kimber at once. "Take Burgess' horse," said Mr. Palmer. "Yes, by all means do," was Captain Burgess' rejoinder, and off Charles Kimber rode to Headquarters, presently returning with the news that he was ordered to Klerksdorp, and was to leave by train in an hour's time! He finished his tea, and prayer was suggested, when several short, heartfelt prayers were offered up to God. Charles Kimber rose from his knees, and with deep emotion said:—"Men and comrades, I shall not forget you in my prayers, don't forget me in yours; and remember, if we don't meet on earth again we will meet in Heaven." The hymn, "God be with you till we meet again," was then sung, a hearty God-speed given by the men, and a warm farewell by their faithful superintendent, as equally warmly responded to by Charles Kimber with the words, "Well, good-bye,

INTERIOR OF THE SOLDIERS' HOME AT ELANDSFONTEIN.

Palmer, if we don't meet here again we shall meet in Heaven," and he left the Home and was out of sight! Captain Burgess walked part of the way with him to Headquarters, and he parted from him with the same comforting assurance as he had expressed to Mr. Palmer.

His household goods and scanty possessions were not such as to make it difficult for him to be off at the hour stated. Thus Charles Kimber obeyed the call of duty, accepted the orders he received from Headquarters as God's will for him, and took that step of faith which a day or two previously he had described in a letter to his sister as "a step into the darkness." How highly God honoured that step his trusting soul in six short weeks proved, when that step led him

Suddenly into the brightness
Out of a shadowed day,
Suddenly into fadeless dawn
The Perfect Light alway.

Suddenly into the glory,
Suddenly face to face,
Suddenly past the mystic veil
Into the Holy Place.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LAST "TREK."

"Art is long and time is fleeting,
And our hearts though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing shall take heart again."

ON the day after leaving Elandsfontein, Monday, June 3rd, Charles Kimber wrote to his mother:—

"Here I am with five other officers at Krugersdorp, awaiting our horses and further instructions. We hope to select our horses this afternoon, and go out with a convoy consisting of Dublin Fusiliers, of Scottish, 5th Dragoon Guards, and

13th Hussars, to join Dixon's Column early to-morrow, our destination some thirty miles from here. Woodiwiss (one of the original D.C.O.'s) is one of the six. He is very pleased, he says, that we are together. Moving about in these weird times and places makes an old friend or acquaintance doubly acceptable, though for myself I am getting used to the solitary way, and do not feel the want of a friend, other than the One 'who sticketh closer than a brother.'

"Everybody seems to expect severe fighting about here soon, but do not be alarmed; by the time you get this letter you will know. I am well off for warm things now. Just before I left camp I received J.'s cardigan, and a parcel of nice warm things from A. I have not received the cases from A.'s friends, Mrs. Cunningham and her working party, but live in hope."

The following day he wrote from the same place to Mr. Law Palmer:—

"MY DEAR MR. PALMER,—We got away all right on Sunday, and are here attached to the Scottish Horse (H and Y squadrons) *en route* for Klerksdorp. We hear that Naauwpoort is surrounded by Boers, and big fighting is expected. It will be interesting going to the Magaliesburg

country again. I was there with the 1st Cavalry Brigade when the Boers escaped us. May we be more fortunate this time! It is severely cold at night; but, thank God, I am feeling refreshed for the restful, helpful times I had at Elandsfontein. I feel much indebted to you personally for your kindness, forbearance, and help to me during that time, and for your prayers and example. May you be abundantly blessed, strengthened and helped yourself, in the good work upon which you are engaged—as noble and self-sacrificing as any in the field. May God bless you and enable you to continue in it, and to see the fruit of your labours with ever-increasing love and happiness, to His honour and glory! I hope I shall show a more manly front to the Boers than I did to our Christian brothers round your table last Sunday. I hope the men will not misread me. Do not forget to once more remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton and family. I cannot forget their genuine help, sympathy and kindness, and Mr. Burgess's, too. I hope we may meet again, even before we meet where there is no war, and where God shall wipe away all tears. Remember me to our brothers at the Home. They have my prayers and heartiest wishes for progress and honour in the service of

their God and King. That cake came in most usefully, and I did my share in its consumption with feelings of sincerest gratitude. Tell Trooper Toole I have not forgotten him, but have not struck the 69th Company yet.

"Yours, a yeoman in God's service, gratefully,

"CHAS. D. KIMBER."

(Diary.)

"Thursday, June 6th. Naauwpoort.—We arrived here to-night, and leave early to-morrow. Thynne is our Captain—a good fellow, they say. Writing this in the tent after mess with Scottish Horse.

"Sunday, June 9th.—Up at 4.30, before my servant. See the men have their coffee, parade them. Remind them it is Sunday, and although in an enemy's country and in time of war, they should not forget to observe it. Exhort them to be faithful to their King and King of Kings, and He would not neglect them. I hear someone say, 'Hear, hear.'

"Monday, June 10th.—A day in camp at Boschkoep. Visit a Boer prisoner in camp; also a Boer Padre from Rustenberg, Dirk Postma by name; have a long talk with him on religious topics, find the great difference between Dutch and English Church is that the Dutch believe in predestination

—a certain portion only predestined to be saved. Friendly chat. His father formerly minister in Rustenberg; has a son on commando; seems resigned, though anxious to get back and have his son home. Has a pass from Rustenberg. I try and put him in the way of getting leave to go back. Tell him to interview Colonel Eaton, Imperial Yeomanry.

"I stroll with Digby to farm about one mile from camp, beautiful bamboo and orange trees—gather a few oranges. Captains Field and McKenzie, of Scottish Horse, call. F. asks me to dine to-night. I turn up at 6.30, have a splendid dinner. Go and see Anderson, the Scottish Horse Veterinary, about Thynne's sick horse. Have long chat with Colonel Duff (Scottish Horse). Stewart Wortley and Dick Cunningham join us. Duff was near 1st Cavalry Brigade Camp when Hely and I came in. Woodiwiss on picket to-night—rain."

(Military Post-card.)

"Our country's welfare is our first concern,
And who promotes that best, best proves his duty."
HOWARD.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,—Just a line to let you know I am at present attached to the 7th Battalion,

48th Company Imperial Yeomanry (North Somerset Yeomanry) as Lieutenant. I am in a small column operating in the neighbourhood of Rustenburg, after Delarey and Kemp. I am well, and hope you and all at home are well also.

"My best love, yours,

"CHARLIE."

"Tuesday, June 11th.—A day in camp. Rustenburg valley still. A slack day. Visit farm with Woodiwiss and take little sketch of Grobler's house and the beautiful bamboos. Get a few more oranges—a lot left. Woodiwiss gets a Boer chair. Padre Postma comes to see me. Cannot get his release yet. Lent him 'Gordon's Letters to his Sister.' Chat with Colonel Eaton, Thynne and other officers in our tent. Seymour, the young Captain of Dorsets, comes in for a chat.

"Wednesday, June 12th.—Rain at night; damp, cloudy a.m., but the spirits of all seem to keep good. Get up soon after reveille, and go through lines. Have another chat with the Boer parson, Postma, who brings me back 'Gordon's Letters.' Thanks me for them, and for what I said to him yesterday. Says he prayed and preached peace before the war. Walk with him to the waggon,

further chat with him and Carr, the Provo. Carr tells him how wrong the Boer report of recent casualties is (nine killed and seventeen wounded). Carr counted nineteen round the guns alone! He thinks Boers might agree to terms of peace if they knew the truth. He goes into Rustenburg with convoy this p.m. We bid good-bye. He invites me to see him when I come to Rustenburg. Fine day. Troops tractable. Derbyshire Regiment lying close next to us. Give Postma a tin of milk for Mrs. Eloff, one of the refugees in camp, who has sick kids. Chat with Rose, our Boer guide. His father loyal, was six months a prisoner with Boers. Knows this part of the country well.

"Thursday, June 13th.—Lovely day from start to finish. Turn out first from tent, see the men feed horses, and then do their grooming. Get back to camp, stir up Woodiwiss and Digby; day beautiful and warm, all feeling chirpy. We put in a good wash, shave and breakfast. I do a quiet read to-day and feel better and stronger. Stroll over to see Walker (ex-Inniskilling Doctor). On the way see two guns—15-pounders—captured by Boers and recovered, and chat with gunners. They show me bullet embedded in one of the wheels,

and other marks. Call in at Scottish Horse, and see Jones and Field. They give me further news of fight and the wounded. We have sudden news of move at 2 p.m. to-day. Nice afternoon's ride to Makato's town, about seven miles towards Rustenburg. Somersets do the escort to guns. I command the half of them on the right flank. Only thirty-seven, all told, in the fighting line in the North Somersets to-day. Both my servants tramp it—Perry to save sore back, and Wickham (groom) because he lost his horse. Derbyshires the only infantry with us. Major Chance in charge of the guns. Scottish Horse main guard. Arrive Makato about three quarters of an hour before sundown; it looks very attractive. Woodiwiss and I go for a walk and have an interesting time; buy a few eggs (2d. apiece), not easy to buy, though plenty of chickens about. Palaver with Makato (or his son or representative) on the verandah. His secretary speaks English. Visit several very clean-looking kraal yards. I cock-a-doodle, and they know I mean 'chicken,' and say 'Cuck-oo.' Seems to amuse them. Most in European dress, one or two handsome girls. Woodiwiss gives one old lady, about ninety, a tip, and she kisses his hand. Digby on picket to-night. Honey, Woodiwiss, and I dine

together. Have a couple of eggs apiece, a great treat. Comfortable night's sleep. Woodiwiss and I in one tent.

"Friday, June 14th.—Reveille 5.30, off at 7 a.m. Lovely morning. Biscuit and hot milk before starting. Go through the Makato Pass. Interesting rise—native huts, picturesquely grouped, orange trees and bamboos—through a pretty dip or valley. At the pass we halt; have fine view of the country beyond. Vlakfontein in the distance. March till 1 p.m., and get in very hungry to Selous Road, our bivouac to-night. Walker takes a snapshot of Honey, Woodiwiss, and me.

"Saturday, June 15th.—Get up and out; find lovely day breaking. After a wash, and whilst sitting at table enjoying breakfast outside tent with Honey, Woodiwiss, and Digby, we receive orders to take the whole squadron out to picket. We saddle up, and are off comfortably in an hour's time. Enjoy the ride out to the picket hill, about one and a half miles from camp. Find a squadron of Scottish Horse under Captain White in a very pleasant looking camping ground at the foot of the hill and near some water. Have long yarns with Scottish Horse officers about the Vlakfontein fight. Come back and enjoy lunch and a quiet afternoon

in my shirt-sleeves. Colonel Eyton and Thynne come to tea with us. Picket falls in about 4.45 p.m. I examine rifle, etc., take it up on hill. Very difficult country to walk over. Set up and select three posts and main post; tell off sergeants and corporal or two corporals and six men to each. Selous Road old fighting country. Any number of very broad, well-made sangars close together on top, and many all along and up sides of hill. Good cover to attacker and attacked. Come down with Perry. I dine at mess, write and chat afterwards. Walk up in the dark with Perry on to my kopje. Visit my four posts with Sergeant Spice, and again by myself at 2 a.m. Travelling hazardous through the sangars, stones and long grass. Enjoy the night. A lovely morning breaks at 6 a.m. Leave observation posts of six men and a corporal, and come down."

The next day (Sunday) there was no entry in his diary, but he wrote the following long home letter:—

"We have had rather a nice trek up till now, good weather and not much trouble from the Boers. The country we are going through in this neighbourhood of Rustenburg is interesting. We have a very weak squadron, but the men seem willing.

The Lieutenants (Woodiwiss, Digby, and myself) take it in turn to do picket duty. It is generally considered the *bête noir* of a subaltern's existence on trek. I find it rather interesting. . . Last night was a lovely starlight night, and I lay for some time during the night on my back, enjoying a star gaze. I thought of God's power, the beauty of His work, and of man's insignificance. The morning broke beautifully about 6 a.m. I rose feeling fit and well. It was Sunday, and we had an enjoyable day's rest for men and horses in camp. I held a voluntary service in the morning, which most of the men and Woodiwiss attended. I read some of the Morning Service, prayers from your little prayer book, and the 91st Psalm. We had no hymn books, but sang the verse 'All People that on Earth do Dwell,' also the Doxology 'Praise God from Whom all blessings flow,' and finished up with—not an address by me, though I felt I ought to be able to give one, but a reading from that book you sent me—'General Gordon's Letters to his Sister.' They rather enjoyed it, I think, for some of them thanked me afterwards. There seem some nice fellows among them—all sorts of trades, even a corset-maker and a professional foot-ball player (Reading team). They are not all

Somerset men. They seem to be quite reconciled to the life they are now leading. How they will shape in the encounter with Johnny Boer remains to be seen. Khaki is the only wear. I happened to see to-day a striking sentence in Gordon's book: —'Be of the true army of Christ, wear His uniform —Love. By this and by no other sign shall men know that ye are my disciples.' . . . It is sometimes most difficult to know how to act—which way to take. God lets us wander on in the dark, often purposely; but even there He guides us, though we do not see Him; and the Light always comes at last.

"Do you remember those Union Jack pillows which A. made at the beginning of the war and sent out here? I wonder if you would make me a nice little fat one stuffed with feathers. My right ear, upon which I always like to lie, has been amazingly tender lately. . . . This letter is written while I am in the field. It may be many days before I can despatch it, or receive any letters, so don't let the date mystify you."

(Diary.)

"Monday, June 17th.—Another lovely day. My feet stone cold all night. Woodiwiss comes down from kopje, joins Digby and me, and we have a

wash. Call and see Thynne and Seymour. Ride back to camp, good breakfast. Spend morning on kopje with Woodiwiss, who asks to see 'Daily Light.' . . . Digby and Honey up there. We spy Boer waggon and column, also Scottish Horse patrol. They go down. I stay up and enjoy a quiet think in the sun. Chat with one or two of the men. Go for some buck with a couple of them. Thynne and Seymour to tea. Chat with them round the fire. No smoke to-day.

"Tuesday, June 18th.—Relieved by Scottish Horse at 9 a.m., and ride back into our old lines in camp. Find Major Eyton and Thynne gone with convoy to Makato Pass. Scottish Horse and Derbyshires brought in five Boers yesterday. They taken to Rustenburg. Get out men, horses, and waggons into camp and settled. Digby and I go for a ride, buy a chicken from Kaffirs for 2s. Chat with Dr. Walker. Ask Padre (Saunders) to tea. He comes and brings us pots of tinned milk. We are rather hard up for provisions. All have interesting talk. He gives us his recent experiences with the Boers. Was in Boer camp at Vlakfontein. Only taken orders eight years, work in Gloucester. I walk back part of the way with him.

"Wednesday, June 19th.—At Selous Kraal still.

Weather beautiful. Up early, see horses fed, walk to Headquarters kopje, where two guns are placed —15-pounders—of 28th Battery. Borrow map from Major Chance, R.F.A. Long chat with Lieutenant Du Val, Canadian R.V.A., and a sergeant. See wounded horses; one has bullet wound through the neck. Soap bath in tent to-day —very enjoyable. Appetite and spirits good.

"Thursday, June 20th.—Up at 4.30. Do escort of seven waggon-loads of Boer women and children to Makato Pass. Start at 6 a.m., arrive at 8.30 a.m. We expect a Boer attack. I command advance troop. Only about forty-one men and our four selves. Find Major Thynne and Seymour and squadron at Makato Pass, escorting big convoy just in from Rustenburg, and which we join with them in escorting back to camp at Selous Kraal. Breakfast among the treelets at Seymour's mess (Craig Bishop and Bloomfield there). Walk across with Digby and Woodiwiss to a lemon grove, pick and eat a few, and do a bask in glorious sun. Kaffir women in picturesque attire cutting and collecting grass for making mats. Kaffir boys having lemon fights. We leave at 1 p.m. I advance guard again. Get into camp about 4 p.m. Have tea and clean up. Not smoked since Saturday.

"Friday, June 21st. Still at Selous Kraal. On Court of Enquiry:—

Major Mayne, K.O.S.B., President.
Captain Wheeler, R.A.
C. Kimber, I.Y.

in K.O.S.B. lines on capture of Lieutenant Lewis and seven men of Scottish Horse on 19th by Boers. Lasts all morning.

"Saturday, June 22nd.—In camp all day. A lovely and most uncommon sunset. 'Light at eventide.' Animated discussion after dinner (Honey, Woodiwiss, Digby, and I) as to who has most work—officers, servants, or men in the fighting line. I contend the latter, and Seymour coming in, confirms it. Other discussions, as to whether a man respects an officer more for unnecessarily bearing same hardships as men. I say yes. H. and D. say no. Long chat in Padre's (Saunders) tent about services to-morrow. I offer to form a choir. Men have rum to-night, and in consequence sing late, and offensive songs!

"Sunday, June 23rd.—Church parade 9 a.m. General and 350 men. Holy Communion 10 a.m. I attend both. One hymn we have is, 'As pants the hart.' I sing out, it seems almost leading and by myself, but I believe and hope some help. I

write and read till lunch, afterwards go out and lend 'Pilgrim's Progress' to one of my men. Walk with Woodiwiss to Howitzer gun; long chat with gunner about it, open and shut it, and learn about the ammunition and sighting. Attend at 6 p.m. voluntary service at little bell tent, and get some of our men to go; borrow hymn-books for them. Padre takes it by lantern and moonlight; nice little service, singing hearty. Later, men sing in their own lines round the camp fire. After dinner I join them. Digby comes up, and says how pretty it sounds, and joins in. Have a walk and chat with him afterwards.

"Monday, June 24th.—Get up, read 'Daily Light' portion. Find it the one A. referred me to, a beautiful one: 'The Ark of the Covenant of the Lord went before them, to search out a resting-place for them.' 'My times are in Thy Hand.' I begin to light my pipe; give it up. Feel it a bit of a wrench, but have an enjoyable day. Chat with General Dixon at the sports to-day. Visit Intelligence Officer Brown and ambulance officers. Get a challenge for the Somersets from them for cricket. I accept, and get up a team, find our officers and men keen to play, though men keener for football.

"Tuesday, June 25th.—Up early. Cricket match R.A.M.C. versus I.Y. all day. I get up the team, but don't play, as plenty of men want to play, four officers also. I score instead. Interesting match. Men keen and interested. R.A.M.C. beat us easily, notwithstanding our county player! They give us lunch.

"Wednesday, June 26th.—Up before dawn, off at 6.30 for patrol to Makato Nek. I advance troop again. Extend my men, meet convoy five miles out, and return in rear of them. 'Daily Light' to-day comforting, encouraging, inspiriting:—'Oh that thou wouldst bless me indeed, and that thou wouldst keep me from evil. God granted him that which he requested.' 'Salvation belongeth unto the Lord; thy blessing is upon thy people.' 'How great is thy goodness which thou hast laid up for them that trust in Thee before the sons of men.' 'The Lord redeemeth the soul of His servants, and none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate.' 'When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble? and when He hideth His face, who then can behold Him?' Boer attack expected to-night. Extra guards.

"Thursday, June 27th.—Strike camp at Selous Kraal at 8 a.m., arrive Makato Pass 9.30. 48th

Company I.Y. advance guard. My troop support to the two advance troops. A tame Boer rides beside me; tells me Boers easily know what we do; give signals by lighting fires; says Kaffirs give 'inflamation' (!) of us to Boers. Very pretty camp. I enjoy beautiful air, weather and scenery.

"Friday, June 28th.—Get leave to ride into Rustenburg, with Digby, Craig, Bishop and Bloomfield. I take Wickham, Digby takes his servant. All armed. Enjoyable ride of six miles. Magaliesburg range close on our right the whole way. Buy a few things for mess at canteen. Visit Captain Rev. Webb-Peploe; very kind and hospitable to me, Digby, and our servants. Gives us excellent lunch, provides us with books and papers galore to take back to the men. Tells me of his father and his work in South Kensington, asks me to come and see him. Rides part of the way back with us. He has been in Rustenburg eight months. Some 300 Boers reported seen in our neighbourhood to-day.

"Saturday, June 29th.—Find I am on at 8.30 for twenty-four hours' guard with twenty men."

On Sunday, June 30th, Charles Kimber wrote a long home letter, the latter part of which was in diary form. He says:—"Here is another Sunday,

and I am still on the veldt, uncertain when the 'trek' will end, and out of touch, except by heliograph, with the outside world. A short summary of European and other news so obtained is occasionally circulated. Our supplies of food are getting short, e.g., to-day we are on half rations of sugar, i.e., 2 oz. per man for the day. Sugar is much missed by the men. It is always a staple article of diet with them, and out here one seems to be able to take so much more of it, and thrive on it. I generally take cocoa without either milk or sugar for my mid-day meal drink; but don't think I am dissatisfied. I am really very thankful for the good times I have been experiencing the last two or three weeks, after those I have had, and what I might reasonably expect to be bad. It is mid-winter, and we are in a favourite Boer haunt; yet from the orange and lemon trees we have seen in full fruit, and the green foliage of the bush veldt and the absence of any serious fighting, you might imagine it summer in the piping times of peace. By the way, the Scottish Borderers' pipers often favour us. There are plenty of buck about, also partridges, and officers who are lucky enough to have shot guns and ammunition get a little sport. . . I saw three or four

monkeys. . . Our camp is in a very enjoyable situation. We are encamped about a mile this side of Makato's Nek at the foot of the Magaliesburg Mountains, in a pretty valley about a mile broad, where there is good water and grass, and where the bush veldt (a thin growth of shortish trees) makes quite a picturesque and shady place for the officers' tents. It looks so peaceful and 'picnician' at times. We generally have our meals outside, sitting under the trees. We have our tables and chairs—a mixed lot, Boer and British —but serviceable. I was on picket last night, with twenty men, guarding the south-east end of the valley, and had a pretty good time. It was a lovely moonlight night. I furnished six sentries, two hours on and four hours off. We went on at six last evening, and came off at six this morning. I visited the sentries twice during the time. I had some interesting chats with the men round the camp fire, whilst smoking the evening pipe. They made me some coffee in the morning. My groom brought out my horse from camp (it was another beautiful sunrise and morning) and we all came happy, I think, back into camp, except the corporal and six men, whom I had to leave behind as an observation post, or day guard, until relieved.

"On returning to camp I woke up Woodiwiss, and bid him 'come out to greet the morn,' had my bath in the open, a shave, and enjoyed an '*al fresco*' breakfast.

"After parade service I attended Holy Communion; General Dixon, Colonel Duff (Scottish Horse), and two men also. It was a beautiful bright, hot morning, the remainder of which I spent on a kopje commanding a pretty and extensive view above the camp, enjoying a quiet, peaceful, happy time, thinking, praying, reading, and resting in happy and holy communion with God and His Word, feeling grateful for His care of and goodness to me, and for all that I felt He was and was willing to be to me. I prayed definitely (I think we should always try to be definite, and look for and expect an answer—I John iii 22-24) that God would perfect my love to Him. May He grant that we love that which He commands and desire keenly that which He promises.

"We had an officer friend (one of the Norfolk Regiment) guarding the pass. In the evening I climbed the hill behind the camp with Digby, and got a splendid view of both sides of the Magaliesburg. We jodeled and cock-crowed through the megaphone they had at the post up there. The

General told D. afterwards that he heard us distinctly, and seemed amused. I came down to attend the voluntary service in camp at six o'clock. About thirty were present. The chaplain—the Rev. Captain Saunders—a youngish man, a nice fellow, not an aggressive Christian, I think, conducted the service and preached. The singing was more hearty than in the morning. The singing at parade services is generally very poor.

"The weather, which makes so much difference to us all on trek, has been beautiful, and my health has been keeping good.

"Monday, July 1st. This column moves off about 7 a.m., fifteen miles in N.W. direction, keeping alongside the Magaliesburg range on the N.E. side. My troop was part of the rearguard extended on the left flank. We came across several farms, including one of Kruger's, another a missionary's, and two or three which contained forage which we could not take away, and in one case ammunition. The forage was burnt, and (where the ammunition was) the farm. I brought in a white Kaffir from the farm which we burnt. He was very funny looking and caused a good deal of interest and amusement among the Tommies and others. I handed him over to the Provost Marshal, and after being

examined, he was released. A Dr. Walton of the R.A.M.C. (who was doctor with the Inniskillings in my time) photographed me with this peculiar looking creature.

"Tuesday, July 2nd.—We move off again at 7 a.m. this morning, after a rather nice encampment at almost the end of the Magaliesburg range. We cross through Boschhack Nek or Pass on to south-west side, and go about fifteen miles towards Zeerust. My troop to-day is right flank, support to the advance guard. The country we pass through is thick with bushes, and we have some difficulty, in our extended order, in keeping touch. We come across any amount of game—buck, coran, and other pretty-looking birds. The weather still very good, and I enjoy it all. My horse is also going strong, which I think adds much to my enjoyment. Both mine happen to be doing well now —one is a black and another a dark chestnut. Both have been clipped lately and look smartened up by it. They keep cleaner and freer from 'ticks,' the common plague to horses out here. My groom (Wickham) seems to take a pride in looking after them. He is a well-educated fellow, with a lot of Colonial experience. The saddle I brought with me from Elandsfontein has turned out well. It was

an old one, but looked good, by a good maker, and I preferred it to a new one. It seems to have had considerable service, but looks respectable, and is comfortable and strong. After about seven hours in the saddle, about 3 p.m. (we had had several halts) we come to a part which is more wooded and watered, and where are several Boer houses—some empty, some with women in. At this point our advanced guard, about 500 or 600 yards in front of me, were heavily attacked on their right front. As usual, it was difficult to see exactly where the Boers were, and we had to get back to the best and nearest cover we could. What I could collect or keep together of my troop I took to a small farm-house about fifty yards behind me, knocked out the windows, borrowed a rifle, and got the men to work. There were a woman and child in the house at the time. The pom-pom which was at the house had retired and opened fire, another one or two of the bigger guns began shelling, and the Boers soon scooted. I galloped up to the officer (Seymour) in charge of the advance, to see how he was getting on. What men he had been able to stick to him were all right, and not requiring support. One of his men had been taken prisoner by the Boers, and was being

looted, when the artillery fire began and made them scoot, leaving him. We had only three casualties, one horse shot in the knee, one of my troop shot in the cheek, and one of Digby's troop shot in the foot. I have visited both the wounded; they seem to be doing excellently. Argyle's is a wonderful escape, the bullet passing right through his throat, just escaping the jugular vein, and doing apparently very little harm. Before returning to camp that night, I had to go on with my troop some distance out to make sure the place was clear of Boers. There were two or three houses which looked very suspicious. We found nobody there, but they were furnished, with live stock and living embers about, and in a farm about fifty yards off we found sixteen women and children collected—crowded together with bundles of foodstuffs, etc., evidently expecting to be shifted. Their men had also evidently been there very recently, and had been firing upon us. The women have now been removed, and we are taking them along in waggons in this column. I believe the farms have been burnt.

"When we got into camp about sunset that evening, we found the squadron was for picket, so out we had to go again without offsaddling. I had had nothing but an orange all day, but the fighting

had bucked me up, and I did not feel at all faint. I got a cup of tea and something to eat, as we passed through camp, and had a good dinner at our picket bivouac. Boer chicken or pork, I think it was. I was on duty at night and visited the posts at 12 and at 4 a.m.

"Wednesday, July 3rd.—We are relieved on picket, and go into camp. I used the opportunity to say a few words to the men on conduct under fire. It was not altogether satisfactory, but most of them are new to the experience. There are in camp some interesting letters from Boer generals, Delarey and others, which I borrowed and copied. The letters were captured. They contained a lot of interesting information, and displayed much knowledge of our movements, etc., but grossly exaggerated our losses. In one of the letters, General Badenhorst to General Smuts (of February 14th, 1901) it is written, 'Our foremost commandoes are near Cape Town, rumour says in the town itself.' Also, 'The burghers in the Free State are full of courage and good hope. The hatred against the Briton has now taken too deep root to be easily eradicated, and the women and girls encourage our men to persevere in the struggle to the bitter end.' In a letter from Delarey to Commandant Veriman,

of March 27th last, the terms of peace offered by the British are referred to, and the Commandant General replies:—'No, we cannot be satisfied with anything less than our complete independence, such as we had before the annexation of 1877.' Delarey concludes by saying 'I must say this gives me much encouragement, and I am convinced that God's relief is not far off.'

"Thursday, July 4th.—We trek to Lindley post, about eight or nine miles towards Zeerust. I will not go into detail of each day's journey. My duties on trek are much the same, generally advance flank or rear guard, ahead of my troop in extended order. The country we pass through is chiefly bush veldt, and often very difficult for horses. Luckily I have a nice one now. A Boer attack has been daily expected, and we have had interesting and exciting times. Approaching a farm-house, kopjes, breastworks, dongas, etc., is not the least exciting of my general duty; but I find my faith in God is a real help on such occasions, and although one seems absolutely defenceless in such positions, I feel that whatever comes is directed by Him. My great desire is to do my whole duty. I have prayed for courage and

wisdom to do it, and lead my men to do theirs. My other chief duty is picket. The subalterns take it in turn. I have not had more than two a week, so cannot complain. The weather has been lovely, and I have really enjoyed a great deal of the work and trekking.

"Friday, July 5th.—We advance about twelve miles further towards Zeerust. Somerset Imperial Yeomanry left flank guard. I have extreme left with my troop and extremely thick and difficult going. Difficult to keep troop together and properly extended. Bushes thick, tall grass, big boulders. Now and then a kopje, a deep spruit or two, fordable only at one or two places. Boers expected. We hear the guns of one of our other columns, probably Williams', on our left. Expect a volley any time. Cannot help feeling troop leader would be first target, and gives the Boer every opportunity to take his life. The most dangerous position in the field, I think, is that of troop leader to the advance or flank guards. This is generally acknowledged, and I am afraid one could not rely on holding one's troop in case of sudden attack. There must be no hesitation or fear shown by the troop leaders. Personally, I feel my faith in God and His Word a great help. I cannot but recognise

the extreme danger I continually am in nowadays, but do not seem to fear death, or even to be anxious, though the uncertainty of when and how the fire will come is rather a strain, and trying at times. I have some twelve men in my troop to-day. I pray for courage and for wisdom to lead my men rightly, and to behave myself faithfully.

"Nice grassy camp. Get a welcome meal, tender Boer chicken for dinner. Sit in the sun in my shirt-sleeves and hatless (and let the bald patch have a chance), and copy out the Boer letters at our table just outside our tent. Glorious sunshine, peace and ease of mind; everybody seeming to be enjoying the situation, with the exception, I suppose, of the 'fedups' and the Boer women we have in camp.

"Saturday, July 6th.—Some fighting to-day. A very nice officer, Lieutenant Stewart, of Scottish Horse, and another Scottish Horse man shot, and two or three horses, also four or five taken prisoner by Boers and released. I visit Stewart in hospital tent to-night; shot through neck and shoulder, luckily not badly. I find him in good spirits, and able to talk easily, though I do not let him speak much. Neither he nor the other man was badly wounded. I visited Argyle, the man in my troop

who was shot through the neck (just missing the jugular vein) on the 2nd inst. He is doing nicely, and I think will mend very soon.

"Sunday, July 7th.—On trek. Breakfast 5.45 a.m. Do another ten miles or so through wooded country, through one or two Kaffir villages, and the Pella towards Zeerust. No service to-day, but I have Holy Communion of my own as I ride along. The flowers, or what remains of them, which you may find with this letter, I picked on the veldt. It is winter now, so there are not many of them about. Most of the trees seem to have plenty of leaves, though, and some of them a sweet perfume, like our lime trees. The grass is thick and long. I cut my fingers quite deeply the other day pulling a blade as I rode along.

"Monday, July 8th.—Another twelve miles or so towards Zeerust. We hear the pom-pom going merrily on our left flank, probably Williams at the enemy again. Our advance guard, right flank, have some pretty rough country to negotiate, and visit one or two farms. Get into camp before sundown, and in time for a comfortable meal, bath, and shave.

"Tuesday, July 9th.—We do not move camp to-day, but some of us ordered out to visit neighbouring farms, to bring in Boer women and

children, and to burn a house from which there had been sniping. It is not pleasant work turning women and children out of their homes, but war is a cruel business. I had to do some of it to-day, and afterwards also to scout and form a rearguard whilst they were being brought in and the farm burnt. There was a great deal of poultry about, and all our squadron in consequence are doing well to-night. We are on picket to-night, so our little encampment is outside the main camp, and our pickets further out still.

"Wednesday, July 10th.—We expect to reach Zeerust to-day, and we are told we may be able to post letters there, so I must close this now, and will ask you to forgive bad writing, composition, repetition, etc. I am writing now, 9 a.m., sitting in the sun outside my tent, after a good breakfast, shave, and wash, and about an hour's patrolling and setting a couple of observation posts at daybreak. . . .

"Reached Zeerust safely, July 10th. Off to-morrow, July 12th."

(Diary.)

"Friday, July 12th, at Zeerust.—Up early and round the lines. Cup of coffee. Breakfast. Stay in camp. Read Bible. Woodiwiss and Digby go

over to Methuen's camp and lunch. Honey and I lunch together. Over twenty Artillery horses die here from tulp (?) grass. Walk over to see Commandant Major Churchward, and ask for Mauser rifle. He apparently willing. See some Martinis in Brigade Office, but I do not want these. Call and have half hour's chat with Wyatt, English Padre, at sundown, beautiful afterglow. He asks me to come and visit him again if I come this way. Been here about two years. Married, and has daughters. Tells me of a former minister, a drinker—of Jameson's Raid—the two men getting drunk in Zeerust, and so failing to cut telegraph on the east side, with the dire result that followed. Walk back to camp and dine with Digby. Methuen's column leaves at 2.30 to-day. Williams went yesterday. Hickie gone, too.

"Saturday, July 13th.—Leave Zeerust at 6.15 a.m., do about four miles towards Ottoshoep, but turn off the main road to Mafeking, get misdirected, and do a long trek, not getting into camp till about 3 p.m. Very cold start, hands painfully cold, even with warm woollen gloves, but good old Sol comes up as he so regularly does and brightens and warms everything.

"I left flank advance guard—roughish going. General Dixon asks me to send on a man or two with Major (Intelligence) Brown, who goes to see about water, etc. The country we came through all burnt and burning. Perhaps this is the carrying out of K. of K.'s recent instructions to C.O.'s, etc., to exert ourselves to make the Boers feel more the necessity of chucking up the sponge. Our camp all burnt looking. Methuen's convoy trek just ahead of us. See a lot of Boer prisoners and captured horses with it. M.'s fighting force away, though we hear guns to-day, and there is a rumour of capture by him to-day. Have a good lunch, rest and read 'Sherlock Holmes.' Dinner. A word or two with Colonel Eyton. No smoke after early a.m.

"Sunday, July 14th.—Start at 6.30, and do about twelve miles through Malman Goldfields and Ottoshoep, deserted mining township apparently. A few Jews there still, Isaac Tobac at an hotel. Somerset Imperial Yeomanry rearguard. I'm centre, so ride last in road, easy going. Honey rides with me. Shoot two or three bullocks. Feel disgraced at number of shots I take to my first, but cannot get full face at him and afterwards shoot badly. A careful aim at centre of forehead

from front, or behind ear from behind, I find effective. Take one shot to my second (a cow) and three to the last bullock. The first, a revolver shot, only makes it get up and go away. I drop him with second, a rifle shot, and kill him with the third!

"Get in about 1.30 p.m. Eat a hearty lunch with Woodiwiss, Honey and Digby. Good wash, shave, and write. After a cup of tea, look up the Padre, and have a chat. Borrow some hymn books. Try and get one or two R.O.S.B. to join us in hymns to-night. Get the men, some wood for fire, have some hymn singing, read them Gordon. Wind up with Doxology and 'God Save the King.'

"Monday, July 15th.—Start at 7 a.m. to Zamerkaust, do about twelve miles towards Lichtenburg. Somersets advance guard and left of the road. Better going, but grass all burnt and no water till we get to camp. Small lagoon there, evidently the site of many a camp. This part of the country poorly watered. We get in about 1 p.m., go straight to our bivouac ground. Horses getting in very poor condition. Mine going pretty well, but looking overworked. Still riding the chestnut mare.

"Tuesday, July 16th. — Zamerhaust, through Lichtenburg, eight miles, to Grasslaagte, five miles,

making thirteen in the day. Our convoy starts 4.30 a.m., Devons escorting. We start at 7 a.m., Scottish Horse advance guard. We don't stay in Lichtenburg. Some infantry there guarding the place. Boers got into the town last March, thirty killed on both sides. Lots of buck and coran about; get up quite close. Arrive at nice camping ground at 2 p.m., with fine appetites. Enjoy a simple meal; mealie cakes, potted meat, sardines, jam and tea. Sit to table in the open and in shirt-sleeves. Chat with Woodiwiss. Write."

THE LAST PORTRAIT TAKEN OF C. D. KIMBER, APRIL, 1901.

CHAPTER VIII.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

"Measure thy life by loss instead of gain;
Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth;
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice;
And whoso suffers most hath most to give."

IT is probable that the last entry in Charles Kimber's diary was made early in the evening of Tuesday, July 16th, after the regiment had taken their simple meal and had comfortably settled and were enjoying a rest in camp at Grass-laagte. The abruptness of its ending may be accounted for by his receiving orders (possibly at the very time he was writing it), to prepare for a night march. Anyhow, his diary ended as shown in the last chapter, and an order was given that evening for his squadron under Major Brown (of the Intelligence Department) to be ready to proceed at 8 p.m. to Wildfontein, a distance of about thirty miles, the intention being to surprise some

Boers in that district. Owing to sickness and casualties, etc., the squadron then consisted only of four officers and forty-five men. With three other officers of the Intelligence Department they left camp at 8 p.m.

For some little time past Charles Kimber seems to have had a sort of presentiment that his end was not far off, for a few evenings previously while at mess he had expressed a wish to his brother officers that, if he were shot, the tunic which he was wearing at the time might be sent home. He expressed his wishes also as to the disposal of a few other things which he valued, and he had himself sorted, tied up, and sealed some of his private letters. This presentiment seems to have developed in him almost to a conviction that he was now starting on his last march, for leaping into his saddle, he said to his servant, "Good-bye, Perry, I am going for good this time," adding, "Fear God." He galloped off with the rest, and was soon out of sight.

They continued galloping and trotting through the night, occasionally dismounting to search some farms, but with no results. The night was a bad one, heavy rain was falling, and it was very rough going for both men and horses, who had already

made a good day's march, and were fairly tired. After a fatiguing and hard night's fruitless march, just as day was breaking, the squadron reached its destination. Here they discovered near a farm a very fine herd of cattle. While some of our men were driving the herd along and others were burning a waggon, a few Boers appeared on their right front, about 3,000 yards off. A position was immediately taken up on a slight rise in the ground, and as the Boers advanced within range our men opened fire on them, with the result that the Boers retired.

These few of the enemy proved to be the advance scouts of Kemp's commando.

Our men then started off for camp as rearguard to the cattle. They had hardly gone a mile when they were subjected to a severe fire on their rear and on their left flank, the Boers having come up with reinforcements and galloped round them in a semi-circle. Our men dismounted and returned their fire, but eventually had to abandon the cattle, and the order was given to retire for cover to some empty Kaffir kraals. It was during this retirement that Lieutenant Digby, seeing Charles Kimber coolly looking for his cap under a shower of bullets, called out to him, " Come along. Retire has been ordered, and we risk much staying be-

hind." Charles Kimber at that moment happened to find his cap, and was about to ride after his brother officer, when he heard a shout for help, and looking round, he saw a sergeant whose horse had bolted from him. Strange to say, this man's name was Kimber, and Charles Kimber, seeing that he was at the mercy of the enemy, turned round, and facing a fusillade of bullets, galloped to his assistance. He safely reached his man, and was in the act of helping him on to his horse behind, when he himself was hit in the left breast, the bullet piercing his heart, and he fell to the ground. The sergeant stooped down to see what he could do for him, saying, "This is hard on you, sir." In the brief ten seconds of mortal life remaining to him, Charles Kimber must have realised that he had received his Master's home call, and have seen by faith the glory before him, for his only reply was, "What could be better?" And he was gone.

Yes, indeed, in all our sorrow our hearts are comforted with that blessed assurance that it "is far better to depart and be with Christ." But for him, who had laid aside all self-interest, who had decided to accept what orders he received from Headquarters as the will of God for him, rather

than press his own predilections, and to trust his God for such honour and promotion as He should see fit to give him, what could such a transition mean? How had a loving, faithful God responded to his faith? He had promoted him to higher service, and honoured him by calling him into His very presence.

Charles Kimber was not only a true patriot, and a British volunteer of that type which forms the very backbone of England's power, but he was a true soldier of the army of Christ; he wore His uniform—Love—and by this alone was he known as one of His disciples. He had fought a good fight, he had kept the faith, and had now gone into the Presence of the King of Kings, to receive from Him the highest honour—the Crown of Glory, that Crown of Glory that fadeth not away, which was laid up for him, and not for him only, but for all those who love Christ's appearing. He who had sometimes walked in darkness now saw a great light. He who had seen (as we do now) through a glass darkly, now saw face to face, and knows as he is known. He who, while bearing his light affliction, which was but for a moment, had looked not on the things which are seen, which are temporal, but had looked on the things which are

not seen, which are eternal, was now for ever at God's right hand, enjoying the "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." What such words can really mean is beyond man's comprehension, and we are told it "has not even entered into the heart of man to conceive what good things the Lord hath prepared for them that love Him, for them that trust Him before the children of men," but this we may in some measure understand, i.e., that in God's presence is fulness of joy, and at His right hand are pleasures for evermore. How wonderfully and how lovingly had God alone led Charles Kimber! Can we not see how fully all his prayers had been answered?

He had feared that his self-surrender was not complete, and had prayed continually that he might faithfully and fully do his duty to the glory of God; and had not his life, by the grace of God, been a continual daily dying to self? and did not the last act of his life prove that he counted it not dear unto himself? His love, which he feared was not strong enough towards God, and which he prayed God would perfect, had He not indeed perfected it, for are we not told that "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends"?

We are not all called upon to lay down our mortal lives, but we are all called upon to take up our cross and follow Christ. Oh, may we be as faithful as Charles Kimber was in the daily dying to self, and follow him in so far as he followed Christ, and when our call comes, hear, to our joy, as he heard to his, our Saviour's loving, welcome voice, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Charles Kimber's body was laid to rest at 5 p.m. on the day that he was killed, at Putfontein, on the road to Ventersdorp, in a pretty, quiet spot under a weeping willow tree and beside a beautiful cactus hedge. He was buried with full military honours, the General with his full staff and nearly every officer and man being present.

"Soldier, lay thy weapons down,
Quit the sword and take the crown.
Triumph! all thy foes are banished,
Death is slain, and earth has vanished.

He has answered God's field order,
Given death the last salute,
The guns are now unlimbered,
And the cannon's roar is mute;
The curfew note has sounded
Its sad and mournful knell,
The sentry's word rings clear and loud,
Goodnight! All's well!"

CHAPTER IX.

IN MEMORIAM.

Service to God and man can never die:
Each true and helpful spirit called on high,
Abides in those who, by his life inspired,
Follow his steps, untiring and untired.

Cherish the memory of the sainted dead!
By their example cheered—their counsel led—
Do thou their work and witness still renew,
Labour for others, and thyself subdue!

Earth yields to Heaven its fair and fragrant flowers,
To bloom immortal in its fadeless bowers;
Whilst earth the living seed, and growth retains,
To adorn its gardens, and enrich its plains.

Thus, by a law Divine, all death is birth;
Earth peoples Heaven, and Heaven descends to Earth.

IT has been truly said that no life can be high in its aim, pure in its purpose, and strong in its conflicts, without all those who come within its influence being the better for it.

Such has been the acknowledgment of many a one who has met and known Charles

Kimber in South Africa. We ask ourselves why should this be so?

Charles Kingsley once said: "I seem to have learnt that the only thing to regenerate the world is not more of any system, however good, but simply more of the Spirit of Christ." Was it not through Charles Kimber's union with Christ, shown in his faithful obedience to the Divine will, that this Spirit was increased in him in a degree so marked as to exercise an unconscious power for good over others? Does it not prove also that the true value of our lives here entirely depends on the measure in which we are possessed by the Holy Spirit? Our possession or rejection of this Spirit determines our destiny hereafter. Now abide Faith, Hope, and Love, these three; but the greatest of these is Love, because the greater includes the less:—"Love *believeth* all things, love *hopeth* all things." Love is the fulfilling of the Law, and "without Love we are nothing worth." Also, "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His." These are truths clearly stated in God's word, from which we cannot get away. But, thank God, we all may and can possess His Spirit, and be possessed by that Spirit, and know its power in our hearts and lives. The acknowledgment to

God that all our righteousness is as filthy rags; that for our acceptance before Him we must be clothed upon with Christ's righteousness, and the exercise of trustful obedience to the will of God, are surely the only conditions of our experiencing the sanctifying power of this indwelling Spirit. Thus, and thus only, are our characters more and more transformed into the image of Christ. That we may daily become more Christlike must be the desire of every true child of God.

That this was always Charles Kimber's great desire, which our God lovingly fulfilled in him, is apparent in many passages of the following letters.

In the "Oxford Magazine," last autumn, the following appeared under "University Rifle Volunteer Corps Notes":—

"We cannot pass over in silence the untimely end of a former brother officer who will always be a sunny memory to those who knew him, and whose death no less than his life is so great a credit to the Corps whose uniform was the first he wore. Many and many an Oxford friend we are certain feels the poorer for his loss. Kimber was a man whom every one in College was bound to respect; unaffectedly modest and unassumingly religious; simple and straight, with no humbug about him;

manly, sensible, and thorough. He was just one of those men who, without any exceptionally showy gifts, by sheer goodness, and singleness of purpose, strength of character, perseverance, and good sense, ensure that their country shall be a little greater and a little better for their having lived in it."

The following letter to Charles Kimber's father also shows the impression that his life left on other Oxford friends:—

"MERTON COLLEGE, OXFORD.

"DEAR MR. KIMBER,—The reading of the details of my young friend's heroic death brings back my yearning desire to tell you how much my husband and I feel for you. It is eighteen years since your son matriculated at Merton. In the years he was here I saw a great deal of him, and his personality has a singular distinctness in my memory, which is lacking in the case of many men whose acquaintance is comparatively recent. I have known few young men to whom the epithet 'good' could be more aptly applied than to your son. Not that he was in any way obtrusively religious or ostentatiously pious; he was a very pleasant, entertaining companion, quite unaffected, and ready to throw himself into any fun going on around him; but I always felt, what events have proved

true, that duty and conscience were the guiding stars of his life. I think you must have much reason for thankfulness even if these have led him prematurely beyond the waves of this troublesome world. When he was up in 1896 we had a very pleasant meeting, and went down the river together. It was a great joy to see him again. I little thought how soon it would become a sacred memory. I do not venture to offer you any consolation, but I do say this, that I can wish for my own only son no higher fate than to live for God and to die for his country. But oh! it is hard for those who are left.

"My husband joins me in earnest regrets and sincere sympathy for what you have lost.

"Yours very truly,

"FLORENCE M. SCOTT."

Charles Kimber's eldest brother received numbers of letters from their old schoolfellows, college and other friends, all testifying to the love and respect in which he was held. "Dear Kimber," writes an old schoolfellow, "I am very sorry to see that Charlie has gone home. Like an Englishman, he took his chance and gloried in it, no doubt. We remember *dulce est pro patria mori*, and, of course, it is the lives laid down that make us what

we are; but somehow one seems to miss all that when an immediate friend pays the penalty, and you will long miss him, I am sure. His memory will always remain with me as that of a bright and cheery lad, and you, too, will feel you have given something to the 'old country.' I am, as ever, yours

"GYP."

Other friends write:—

"DEAR KIMBER,—It was with very real sorrow that I learnt to-day from a picture in the *Graphic* that Charlie had been killed in fight. I assure you I felt it deeply, for he was, as you know, one of my oldest friends. Well, he has died the death he would have liked, for I remember his once telling me he wished to die in action; and the country is the poorer by a gallant fellow. Assuring you of my most sincere sympathy . . ."

"DEAR HARRY,—The news I read in this morning's *Daily Telegraph* is terrible. I cannot realise it. I am just writing these few lines now, sending you my deep sympathy. I cannot say more, my heart is too sad. Charlie was a very dear friend, and the loss is, to me, greater, far greater, than I can say. . . ."

"MY DEAR KIMBER,—Your noble brother remained a hero to the last, and left this world in

self-sacrifice to save another. We can all feel that he has obtained far more than a Victoria Cross, or any other earthly reward. I have heard of his Christian endeavour, and rejoice that he has borne the Cross of Christ so manfully. His loss will be felt greatly by many in South Africa, of whom we know nothing. With sincere sympathy in having to part with him so soon, although thankful death was so instantaneous,

"Yours very sincerely,

"CYRUS BRABY."

To his father:—

"DEAR MR. KIMBER,—The London papers have just reached us, containing the account of how dear old Charlie died. All I can say is, that to sacrifice his life for another is just the perfection of that self-sacrificing spirit he always showed. It truly was, as the *Daily Mail* says, an 'heroic death.' We know that his life and death will be an example to all who knew him, and especially to those who, like myself, had the privilege of close friendship with him.

"With great sympathy, I am,

"Yours faithfully,

"FRED. ROBINSON."

One friend, in writing to his elder sister, says:—

"I had always an affectionate regard for Charlie, and greatly admired his uprightness and good influence upon his companions. He is now, I feel confident, 'the just man made perfect.'"

Another, in writing to her, says:—"I know how much your brother Charlie was to you. Though I knew little of him, yet I felt that his was one of those gentle, winning, affectionate characters which help to reveal our Lord by their witness to the ideal manhood. He set Him before us in terms of a living human personality. You know then how really I sympathise with you in your sorrow. . . ."

A sorrowing mother, whose son was shot through the head at Lindley after the flag of surrender went up, writes:—

"*26th July*, 1901.

"DEAR MRS. THOMSON,—I have never forgotten your kind sympathy in my terrible sorrow, and now I fear you are plunged in great grief yourself. When I read the announcement in the papers yesterday, I tried to think it was not your brother who was meant, but now I am afraid that the bright, kindly face, to which I took such a fancy, will not be seen by us again upon earth. 'All the best have been killed,' said the sergeant

in my darling boy's regiment, and so it seems to me; the unselfish, the pure-hearted, have been gathered in. How little did I dream, when I said to him in Egypt that I hoped he would make the acquaintance of my son, that they would so soon both be taken to a higher sphere, nearer to their living, loving Saviour. Dear Mrs. Thomson, you are not the sorrowing mother in this case, but I could see how deeply you loved the brother you have lost, and you have my deep and sincere sympathy. May God comfort your heart; mine is still bleeding. . ."

From the Rev. Aylmer Rouse, Vicar of St. Stephen's, Wandsworth, to the Rev. Professor Radford Thomson:—

"*July*, 1901.

"MY DEAR MR. THOMSON,—I was most grieved to hear of the sad and sudden death of my dear friend Charlie, and most deeply do I sympathise with all his relatives in their sorrow at the loss of one so loveable. It is a glad thought that one can also sympathise in their joy, that we can all have the confident assurance that few, if any, of those who have been suddenly called away during this sad war, were more prepared than he for the call 'Home.' Personally, I have lost one of

the dearest friends I ever had, one for whom I always had the most intense respect as well as affection. He appeared to me to be that which calls for the highest admiration—a true Christian gentleman—honest, brave, pure, gentle, manly. After meetings held at the Vicarage, we have often had pleasant talks in my study, when the conversation would without effort or affectation turn on things Spiritual, and on the last occasion, just before he went to the front, we had a most blessed time of prayer together. He asked me most earnestly to pray that his life might be a help heavenwards to his comrades. How fully those prayers have been answered, we now know, and, while we bitterly mourn his loss, it *is* a joy to know that he faithfully fulfilled his promises to be a faithful soldier and servant of the Lord, and through His merits has now gone to be for ever in perfect peace with the great Captain of our Salvation. . . ."

From the Rev. Christopher Carruthers, late Vicar of St. Stephen's, Wandsworth:—

"DUNCTON RECTORY,
"PETWORTH, *July*, 1901.

"DEAR MRS. THOMSON,—My thoughts turn to you and yours in your inconsolable grief. . .

I shall always look back upon Charlie's short visit here with pleasure, and remember how he revelled in the beauty and repose of the place,—which was characteristic of the childlike simplicity of his nature.

"You remember showing me the letter you received from him while we were at Leckford. I remember in it the confident assurance therein expressed, that he was continually safe in his Father's hands. Well, all I can say to you now is, it is still true, and I pray that you may have faith and grace, when the first stunning effect of your loss gives way to full realisation of it, to believe and know that it is still true; he is in his Father's hands more safely and securely than while in this world of change and temptation. In this thought, and this alone, can you find any comfort —with his Saviour, in his Father's House, in the place there prepared for him, and when *it* was ready and *he* was ready, he has been suddenly but not unexpectedly called to occupy that place. As you get older, and when, if you are spared on earth, you will find the world of sense grow more shadowy, and the unseen world more real and important; for, as time goes on, *there* lies the larger and ever-increasing share of our treasure, and we seem to

be more continually severing the perishable links which bind us to time, and forging fresh ones with Eternity, which time seems only to strengthen. So, dear friend, you will find, and I pray that you may by your unswerving faith and submission draw out of this the fullest heavenly blessing which your good Father means it to yield to you. . . God bless you both.

"Always your old friend,

"C. CARRUTHERS."

From General Gordon, commanding the 1st Cavalry Brigade at the time when Charles Kimber was attached to it:—

"DEAR MRS. THOMSON,—I was most distressed to see your brother's death reported among the casualties from South Africa. I can assure you that I was much attached to him, and could not but admire his steadfastness of purpose and invariable readiness to perform any duty. He frequently volunteered to carry messages for me that entailed both fatigue and danger, and I could always place reliance on all orders sent by him being correctly delivered. He was liked by all, and from the moment when he and another comrade arrived at my Camp, having escaped from Nooitgedacht, he became a favourite, I know. Poor fellow, he

died a gallant death, and has left a fine example behind him.

"It is difficult to recollect incidents in a time which was one full of incidents for all, but if on looking through papers I can remember anything relating to your brother I will write further.

"Believe me, yours truly,

"W. GORDON."

From the Rev. Paul Bull, late Acting Chaplain to the 1st Cavalry Brigade:—

"HOUSE OF THE RESURRECTION,

MIRFIELD, *August*, 1901.

"DEAR MADAM,—I hear with very deep regret that your brother in the Yeomanry has been killed in South Africa. My sorrow is entirely on account of those who will miss him, as I can never find it in my heart to grieve over any of my dear comrades whom God may call at this time, when I know they have been preparing to meet Him. Nearly all those I loved most have been taken, and I rejoice to think of that life of full activity and no temptation, which they now enjoy in the Paradise of God.

"Your dear brother came into our camp about August 19th last year, after a week of suffering

and endurance. He struck me as one who did not fear to confess Christ before men, and I was also glad to see in him that high form of gentlemanly feeling which is able to fill a lowly place without being nervously self-conscious and anxious to assert one's gentility. I think there has been no greater test of a man's true nobility of nature than this war has applied to those whose courage led them to volunteer for a position far below that of their former bringing up. And I very profoundly admired those who, like your brother, accepted with humility all the limitations and hardships of such a position, leaving their own character to win for them the respect due to gentlemen.

"I know very well that no words of mine can do much to lessen your great sorrow, and I must leave that to the Good Physician. But I could not resist the desire to pay a very sincere tribute of respect to your brother's memory. And it may help you to try and sing again the songs of Zion, if you keep on reminding yourself (as I do each blow I receive) of the great beauty of his death.

"1. A noble death, doing his duty for his country and his God.

"2. A sacrificial death, offering himself as a volunteer for his country's sake.

"3. A redemptive death, for he died in a cause which is the redemption of the native races.

"4. A prepared death, for a whole year he has been preparing himself day by day for this call.

"One could not ask more for the one we love best.

"May God bless and comfort you!

"Yours very faithfully in Christ,

"PAUL B. BULL."

From Lieutenant Charles Biggs, R.E.:—

"CAROLINA, TRANSVAAL.

"DEAR MRS. THOMSON,—In answering your kind letter to me, I must express my deep sympathy with you in your great loss. The news of your brother's death was a great shock to me, for though I have lost many friends during the war, I knew and liked none of them so much as him. Although we were together for only a few weeks, we got to know one another in a way which I think is only possible on active service, and I shall always be thankful that we were allowed to meet out here, and that I was able to do something (very little though it was) to help him.

"I met him first, as you know, in General Gordon's camp, south of Wonderfontein, two days after he arrived there. I was at once struck by

the whole-heartedness with which he had given himself to his country. The same night, in talking over a scheme for destroying the railway tunnel or bridges near Nooitgedacht, he offered to lead any one back again over the way he had escaped. In spite of all the privations he had undergone, both in captivity and during his escape, and undeterred by the thought of a possible second imprisonment, he volunteered to risk his life again, if called upon for his country's good. The scheme, however, was not encouraged. Again in Johannesburg last January, when General Gordon's force was broken up, he could have possibly, if he had wished it, returned home; but he considered that duty called him to stay and fight until the war was ended. This thought, somewhat shaken by words from me, was strengthened during the next two months, which he spent partly on leave, for when I met him next (for the last time) in Vryheid at the end of March, he had definitely decided to obey the call of duty, in spite of other calls, which I know were very strong. I remember well how, at our first meeting out here, some of his first words to me were an eager enquiry as to whether I knew of his happiness.

"I expect you already know how nearly he was

shot near Carolina in August last year. He, with three other cavalrymen, was fired at from close by, when leaving a farm in which there had been one of our posts all night. One of his comrades' horses was very slow, and your brother stayed near him until the Boers ceased firing, so as to be able to lend him a hand in case the Boers started in pursuit.

"One of my men, who had driven your brother in a Cape cart from the camp near Johannesburg into the railway station there, when he saw the notice of his death in the paper, asked me whether it was the same Mr. Kimber he knew, and, hearing that it was, expressed his great sorrow. Your brother had talked to him whilst driving in, and had quite won my sapper's heart in the short half hour. When one thinks of his kind, quiet, and gentlemanly ways, this is not surprising, for no one is a better judge of a true gentleman than one of our 'Tommies.'

"I'm afraid my letter will not be very much assistance to you in compiling his memoir. It has been much more of a pleasure to me than a trouble to write this, for I have been reminded of many very pleasant talks and meetings with your brother, at Avoca, where your brother came down

on the train from Barberton every other day—at Johannesburg, and at Vryheid, where we last met.

"I hope you will let me know when your little work is finished, for I should very much like to get a copy. Thanking you and your husband for your kind wishes, I remain,

"Yours sincerely,

"CHARLES W. BIGGS."

From the Rev. E. G. F. Macpherson, Church of England Chaplain to the Forces:—

"JOHANNESBURG,

"*15th September.*

"DEAR MADAM,—The Lady Matron of our Church of England Soldiers' Institute here, handed me over some newspaper cuttings, with a picture at the head of one who had died for his King and country away on the lonely veldt under a burning African sun. Imagine my grief and sorrow when I recognised one whom I knew and respected, Lieutenant Kimber. How well I remember the first occasion of meeting him. I had driven out one Sunday to hold a series of services for two Brigades that were encamped near Johannesburg for a few days. After service in the morning, I went and gathered men together, and we had an informal meeting for prayers and singing on the

veldt. After my address to the men, your brother, with much emotion, got up and said a few earnest words, so earnest that all were struck by them, and each one, I feel sure, was convinced at once of the intense fervour of Lieutenant Kimber's religion.

"Once again we met—far from our first place of meeting. We were out on trek with General French, in the Eastern Transvaal. I had gone in with a convoy from my Brigade to Vryheid, to endeavour to obtain provisions for our people, as we had been on very short commons. There in Vryheid I met Lieutenant Kimber on the same errand, buying food for his brother officers and the men. We had a long talk together, and then had to part. I never saw your brother again, nor heard anything of him, till I was handed the newspaper cutting with an account of his death. Well, to the Christian soldier death is 'sudden glory.' Allow me to express my deepest sympathy with you in your grief.

"Believe me, yours truly,

"E. G. F. MACPHERSON."

From J. C. Gibson, Esq., of Johannesburg, who is on the local Council of the South Africa General Mission:—

"*October*, 1901.

"DEAR MRS. THOMSON,—I am sending you a few particulars of your brother's intercourse with myself and the workers of the South Africa General Mission, and others with whom we were associated at the time in Johannesburg. We met him first of all at one of the weekly meetings held in the South Africa General Mission Hall for the 'deepening of spiritual life.' After the meeting, he made himself known, and told us that he had been much helped by Mr. Muter's address. He came with us to supper, and from that time he was quite at home with us, and very frequently dropped in when stationed in or near Johannesburg. His frank and cheery manner, free from all affectation and cant, made him a general favourite, and he very soon had a considerable circle of friends in the town.

"He took a very warm interest in all that tended to promote the well-being of the soldiers, and gave his hearty support to all societies that were working for this end.

"Your brother's interest was not by any means confined to the work carried on by the South Africa General Mission; he was on terms of intimacy with the Rev. R. Rogers and his wife, who

have charge of the Wesleyan Soldiers' Home, and while staying at Elandsfontein he was closely associated with the soldiers' work carried on there, under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Osborne Howe, by Mr. Law Palmer. I learnt personally to know him well and love him as a brother, and he spoke freely on questions of deep spiritual import. He was very fond of General Charles Gordon, and read while with us 'Gordon's Letters to his Sister,' usually giving us the benefit of anything that struck him as specially good.

"His visits were all too brief. In the light of the sad news that was soon to reach us, it seems suggestive that he should have left his photograph when visiting me at my office for the last time.

"It was a sorrowful surprise to hear of his death, and yet in the midst of grief there is room for thanksgiving, in that he died in saving another, and had while here through his union with Christ exerted an influence that can never die. 'He being dead yet speaketh.' I learn with pleasure that the proceeds of the book you propose writing are to be given to help forward work amongst soldiers in South Africa.

"The tents that have been used all over the field during the war for reading, writing, and recrea-

tion purposes, as well as for services (with the hearty approval and support of Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, and officers of His Majesty's Army in South Africa) will have, immediately after the war, to give place to more substantial erections to meet the needs of soldiers and police remaining in this country. As you have asked my advice, I would suggest that any funds at your disposal for soldiers' work might be used in erecting a small building to be known as 'The Charles Kimber Memorial,' and intended for the benefit of a permanent camp.

"With apologies for these very inadequate and fragmentary particulars of your brother's intercourse with us in Johannesburg, and with all good wishes for the success of your book, I remain,

"Yours sincerely,

"J. C. GIBSON."

From the Rev. William Burgess, Wesleyan Chaplain to the Forces:—

"ELANDSFONTEIN,

"*August*, 1901.

"MY DEAR MRS. THOMSON,—Mr. Palmer has informed me that you are the sister of our late beloved friend, Lieutenant Charles D. Kimber, and feeling sure that you would like to hear something

about your late brother, I take the liberty of writing you a few lines.

"We were all very deeply attached to your brother because of his truly manly and Christian character. He came out very definitely on the Lord's side, and assisted repeatedly at both the outdoor and indoor services for our soldiers. Sometimes he would offer the opening prayer, read the lessons, or give an address to hundreds of men, and although he was not what might be termed a fluent speaker, yet all that he said was always good and spoken with deep feeling. In fact, he said to me on more than one occasion, 'I wish I could overcome my timidity and nervousness in speaking.' What particularly struck one about his life was his humility; he seemed to tread in the very footsteps of his Divine Master, and his was certainly a very practical religion, which recommended itself to everybody. His was a most beautiful spirit, which I often coveted, and his life was an inspiration to me personally.

"A few evenings before he left Elandsfontein, we had a loving brotherly talk together, when he handed me a number of pamphlets on the 'Social Purity Question,' and said, 'This kind of literature is needed amongst the men, and will prove a bless-

ing to them, and it occurred to me that you would have a favourable opportunity of distributing them among the men whom you meet. I have already disposed of a great many amongst our men. It is a subject that ought to be spoken about.'

"We loved him, and shall not cease to love him, but Jesus loved him best, and has seen fit to transfer him to more exalted service. We cannot, therefore, mourn as those who have no hope. Our loss is his gain. He has left behind a very clear and beautiful testimony that he has gone to be with Jesus, which is far better. Earth is all the poorer, and Heaven is all the richer for his departure from us.

"Your brother was a total abstainer from all intoxicating beverages, and thus set a good example to both officers and men. His Christianity was as light in the midst of moral gloom, salt in the midst of corruption, as a shelter for defencelessness, a home for the forlorn and forgotten ones, which led one to cry, 'Live, oh live long, live for ever blessing, and for ever blessed.'

"From all accounts he fell in action whilst rendering assistance to a comrade. So in his last moments he thought of another, and not of himself. Unselfish to the last! He preached the great

Evangel, the Gospel of the ever blessed God, by his quiet and yet cheerful unostentatious life, and literally fulfilled the Divine command, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven.'

Some day we'll see life's tangled skein,
Into a perfect pattern woven;
Some day we'll know that every pain
Was sent us not in wrath but love;
Some day we'll know that by our side
A Father all our history planned;
Some day, we shall be satisfied,
Some day in Heaven we'll understand.

"May the Christ Himself comfort and sustain you! With my profoundest sympathy,

"Believe me, dear Mrs. Thomson,

"Yours most sincerely, although a stranger,

"WILLIAM E. BURGESS."

From Mrs. Lawrie Hamilton:—

"GERMISTON, TRANSVAAL,

"*August*, 1901.

"DEAR MRS. THOMSON,—I am so pleased to write you a little of what we knew of your dear brother, Lieutenant Kimber, during the time he was stationed in this district. We take a great interest in the work amongst the soldiers at the

Home stationed on the adjoining mine. My husband, who is manager of this mine, often takes the Gospel Meetings and Bible Classes there, and thus came in contact with your dear brother, who was also very earnest in seeking to win souls for the Master. One could not help but admire his real, bright, and withal humble spirit. We felt it a privilege to welcome him to our home, and he always came to dinner on Sundays, and frequently called in at other times. The last Sunday he dined here, June 2nd, he said to me on leaving, 'I'll not say good-bye, as I shall see you at the meeting this evening'; but before the evening came he was called to the front, and the meeting will not be in the Glory.

"Some two or three weeks ago we had a visit from a member of the Royal Ambulance Medical Corps, himself a Christian man, and he told us he was stationed at the place where your dear brother so bravely met his death; in fact, he went out with others to bring in his body for burial. He told us how he was a real 'savour of Christ,' embracing every opportunity of speaking a word for the Master, and that he was greatly respected and beloved by his men, who very much mourned his loss. I have heard him say how he would like

to win the V.C., and this action was surely worthy of it, though he now has what is better—the 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

"We have greatly mourned his loss, knowing, too, that such men cannot easily be replaced, and we can ill afford to lose them; yet we would seek to bow to His will who cannot make a mistake.

"I am so pleased to have been able to procure his photograph. We value it much.

"If you, or any of his friends, should decide to come out here, to visit his resting-place, we will consider it a privilege to bid you welcome and entertain you to the best of our ability. We always seek to keep an open door for the Lord's children in any and every sphere of life.

"With kindest regards to you and yours, in which my husband and daughter join,

"Very sincerely yours in His love and grace,

"M. HAMILTON."

From the Rev. H. M. Webb-Peploe, late acting Church of England Chaplain to the Forces in South Africa, whom Charles Kimber met on June 28th. Reference to this visit is made in his diary of that date.

"DEAR MRS. THOMSON,—While I was stationed

at Rustenburg, in the Transvaal, as Garrison Chaplain, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of your late brother, Lieutenant Charles Kimber, Imperial Yeomanry, and it was with deep sorrow that I saw in an English paper, while on my way home, that he had been killed in an engagement. Almost his parting words to me were, 'We will meet again in London,' but God has ordered otherwise. I venture, therefore, to express to you my very sincere and hearty sympathy at the loss which you and all who knew him have sustained by his early call home. Yet, if any one was ready for that call, I believe it was your brother, for he seemed to be so eager to live entirely to the glory of God, and to do God's will and not his own.

"It was such a pleasure to meet one who was not afraid to let it be known that he was a 'child of God by faith in Jesus Christ,' and one who was not ashamed to talk about spiritual things, and who was doing what he could in a simple, unpretentious way to tell others about his Saviour.

"I cannot tell you what a help it was to me personally, for, if there was one thing that struck me more than anything else in my work as military Chaplain, it was this; so comparatively few officers cared about seeking first the Kingdom of God and

His righteousness, and 'letting their light shine' among their fellow men. A consistent Christian officer, whose one desire is to glorify God in everything, has to put up with a certain amount of opposition and ridicule at first, but he is *the* man to be admired and *to carry weight.* His brother officers and his men cannot help respecting him, and, if he uses his opportunities discreetly, he has an influence on the whole regiment for good.

"I believe your brother was such a man, and, though his earthly career has been terminated so abruptly, yet I believe the influence and effect of his holy life has by no means come to an end.

"Praying that God will indeed comfort you, and that your brother's noble life and death may still be the means of blessing to many a soul,

"I beg to remain, yours sincerely,

"H. M. WEBB-PEPLOE."

From General Dixon, at the time commanding a column, of which the 48th Imperial Yeomanry formed a part:—

"POTCHEFSTROOM,

"*1st September*, 1901.

"DEAR MADAM,—I am afraid you will have heard by now that it was your poor brother who, I exceedingly regret to say, was killed at Wild-

fontein, July 17th, as I saw the name corrected in the papers. I can tell you that his death was instantaneous, as he was shot in the heart. He was buried the same evening in our camp at Putfontein, which is on the road between Rustenburg and Ventersdorp. Myself and all the officers in camp who could attend were present, the Chaplain belonging to my column reading the Service. We were all very grieved at his death. Your brother, as he always did, was boldly leading his men at the time.

"He was an excellent officer, and his death was a great loss to the Service.

"Believe me, yours truly,

"H. W. DIXON."

From the Rev. Cecil Saunders, Acting Church of England Chaplain to the Forces, to Charles Kimber's father:—

"KRUGERSDORP,

"*28th July*, 1901.

"DEAR SIR,—It is with sincere regret I feel the occasion has arisen necessitating a letter to you, since the cause of my writing should be the death of your son, Lieutenant Charles Kimber, 48th Imperial Yeomanry. Long ere this the sad news will have been telegraphed to you, and more par-

ticulars will, I am sure, have been written to you from the officers of his company; but still I think, as Chaplain to the troops, and more, perhaps, as a friend of your son's, a letter from myself will not be unacceptable. Please permit me to express to you my deep sympathy with you in your heavy loss. Though your son had only joined this force some six weeks before his death, he had won the friendship of many, and by all who knew him was looked upon as a thoroughly good officer, and a kind and Christian companion. He used often to come round to my tent, and indeed was in the evening before he was killed, bright and cheerful as always. He brought some hymn books back which he had borrowed the previous Sunday evening for the use of the men of his troop. He was a regular attendant at our camp services, and I learnt through many a talk with him, and from his way of life, that he was that best of all kinds of man—a thorough Christian soldier, spiritual in his duty, officer, and gentleman. Knowing all this, I can in some small measure enter into the grief of yourself and of all who knew him so much better than myself, and as it is no secret (for your son often mentioned the lady) I would ask you kindly to express my sympathy to the lady to whom he

was engaged, and tell her that all who knew of the fact feel deeply for her.

"When the sad news of his death reached our camp, some five miles away, an ambulance went out, which I accompanied, and brought his body in, and at 5 p.m. we laid him to rest, and over the grave I read our Burial Service. He lies in a peaceful spot, and none who in this sad war have fallen have laid down their lives more nobly, and I think I may say—in a sense—more willingly, than your son, and he rests, we must all feel sure, at peace with his God, waiting for the glory of the Everlasting Day.

"With renewed sympathy and kind regards,

"Believe me, dear Sir, yours very truly,

"CECIL E. SAUNDERS."

The following is an extract from a very kind letter written by one of Charles Kimber's brother officers in the 48th Imperial Yeomanry to his elder sister:—

"The little book 'Daily Light' your brother had on him at the time of his death. When the Boers came up, they took it, but one of our men asked them not to take it, as it was the Bible, so they returned it, and our man then pinned it in his jersey, so that the Boers should not take it

again. Unfortunately, it must have dropped out as he was returning to camp, for he hadn't it on him when he returned. I was very anxious to get it, knowing what a comfort it was to your brother, and I deeply regret it was lost.

"Please accept my sincere sympathy in your sad loss. I assure you I can feel for you, knowing him as I did. He was a very dear friend to me, and one of the best and truest Christians it has ever been my fortune to meet, and I only wish we could all be as ready and prepared to meet our Maker as he was."

In a touching letter from Trooper Perry, his servant, to Charles Kimber's father, he says:—

"There is one thing we know, Sir, and that is, that if any one has gone to Heaven, he has. He will be terribly missed by all; he tried his utmost to teach men the right road to take, and I do not think his efforts were in vain. If it is not asking too much, will you give me one of his photos, as I should like one so much for a keepsake of a man who has done so much good for us all.

"I must close now, as the mail is going, asking you to accept my deepest sympathy,

"I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

"TROOPER W. PERRY."

It has already been mentioned that, during the month of May, whilst Charles Kimber was stationed at Elandsfontein, he was on terms of Christian friendship, and co-operation in Christian work, with Mr. Law Palmer, the Superintendent of the Soldiers' Home in that place. This Memoir cannot be more appropriately concluded than by inserting Mr. Palmer's letter, written to Charles Kimber's Sister, showing the sorrow that was felt by himself and other Christian workers and soldiers from whom he had been parted only seven short weeks, and enclosing an abstract of the sermon he himself preached at the service held in his memory at the Home on July 28th.

"*August*, 1901.

"DEAR MRS. THOMSON,—Your letter, addressed to Superintendent, Soldiers' Home, Elandsfontein, dated July 25th, reached me last mail. I am very glad to have received this letter. You will be gratified to know that Mr. Kimber endeared himself to all by his humility, and yet his out and out Christian, manly character. To me, he was like a brother; we were nearly always together, and the last letter you got from him, of Sunday, June 2nd, was written in this, my private room. None can forget that last Sunday he spent here;

we prayed together, twenty of us, after tea, and not only he, but nearly every one of us broke down. The men who came under his influence in our Christian gatherings were all deeply impressed with his lovable disposition.

"He was ever ready and anxious to take part in our services, saying, as he often did when asked to assist, 'I am so nervous, but if I can be of any help to the men, I'll try.' His first public effort at our Home was to sing a sacred solo, then he would pray with the men, and, growing stronger in Spiritual strength, addressed the gatherings. Most evenings, when not on duty, he spent with me, sometimes accompanied by other officers. On one of these occasions, when two other officers were present, he asked before we separated that we might 'have a word of prayer together, as we may never all meet again.' During nearly two years' work among the troops, I have met with many Christian officers and men, but seldom found one who in every conversation was so bold to speak for the Master, or one who more earnestly and consistently tried in every detail of life to do the will of God.

"I received the news of his death on July 25th, in a letter from his servant, Perry, in which he

says, 'Thank God, we know he has gone to Heaven; he worked very hard for Christ among our men, and I do not believe his labour was in vain.' When the news of his death came, I read it to the men who had associated with him in Christian work. Men and soldiers though they were, there was hardly a man in whose eyes tears could not be seen. He was, indeed, loved by all, because of his meekness of disposition, of his genuineness of character, and his sincere interest in the highest good of his fellows. He truly was a man in whose spirit there was no guile. The highest tribute that can be paid to our friend's memory is that 'he did what he could.'

"I have a good photo of the interior of our Home, which, on account of your brother having proclaimed the Truth from its platform, you may like to have. I have also had taken, especially for you, a photo of the exterior, which I also send.

"Immediately on receipt of the news of your brother's death, I felt that the only honour we could render our dear friend was to have a special memorial service, which I held on Sunday, July 28th. A very large gathering assembled, the Yeomanry who were in the vicinity attending in good numbers. I send you a brief report of the

service, which I send only on account of your desire to possess every detail concerning him.

"The congregation joined in singing Charles Kimber's favourite hymns:—viz., the Hundredth Psalm, 'All people that on earth do dwell,' and No. 572 in Sankey's Hymn Book, which is here given in full on account of its foreshadowing of events about to take place:—

'Hold Thou my hand, so weak I am and helpless,
I dare not take one step without Thy aid;
Hold Thou my hand, for then, O loving Saviour,
No dread of ill shall make my soul afraid.

'Hold Thou my hand, and closer, closer draw me
To Thy dear Self, my hope, my joy, my all;
Hold Thou my hand, lest haply I should wander,
And missing Thee, my trembling feet should fall.

'Hold Thou my hand, the way is dark before me
Without the sunlight of Thy face divine;
But when by faith I catch its radiant glory,
What heights of joy, what rapturous songs are mine.

'Hold Thou my hand, that when I reach the margin
Of that lone river Thou did'st cross for me,
A Heavenly light may flash along its waters,
And every wave like crystal bright shall be.'

"Prayer and reading followed, and then the address given by Mr. Law Palmer from three texts:—

II. Timothy ii. 3.—'A good soldier of Jesus Christ.'

I. Corinthians xv. 55.—'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?'

I. Corinthians xv. 57.—' Thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

The following is the first part of the address:—

" The last post has sounded, Charles Kimber is with his God. In his last address to us on Sunday, June 2nd, he lovingly commended us to God, and we him. He went out to fight at the call of his King and country, and he went to fight clothed in the armour of God. Among his last words to me he said, ' I want to do God's will, and if I die I want to die in His service.' He is gone, gone Home, yes, Home. His body in a lonely spot on the veldt is buried, but *he* is with his Master, and wears a brighter crown and costlier adornments than ever earthly King or country could have bestowed. He was shot through the heart while endeavouring to save a comrade. Had he lived, for his manly, heroic act, he might have been decorated with the Victoria Cross, but for faithfulness to his Heavenly King is now adorned with the Crown of Glory and the Robe of Righteousness. Unto him now is known the full meaning of the words ' Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, even as saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours.'

"Lieutenant Charles Kimber was a quiet, unassuming, earnest follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the testimony sent from the field of battle is 'He worked very hard for Christ among our men, and his labour was not in vain.' What matter is it that he fell out on the open veldt, and that for a time nought but the canopy of Heaven was his shroud? Where we die is of no moment. It does not matter, friends, from where you take your last leap; the question is, where will you alight? Are you marching along the right track? It may be sometimes through evergreen meadows carpeted with God's light and sunshine, or along flinty roads which draw your blood, or on the field of battle where shot and shell are piercing the air. Never mind what the road is like, if it be God's choosing for you. Follow, follow the track right along to the end, and if it is death, then death will mean LIFE, EVERLASTING LIFE. Some of us remember his good-bye on June 2nd, how his heart was full and tears only could speak his feelings. 'Twas then he said to me, 'Tell the men I hope to show a bolder front to the enemy.' Some men might count those tears as weakness. Ah, no, comrades, they were the strength and power of Christian love. Was he able to play the manly

part and show the bold front? Listen. A man's horse is lost, he is in danger, the soldier next to Charles Kimber says 'Sir, don't go back,' but the man of God, with true heroism, rides back to help the helpless, and a bullet pierces his heart, and he, brave Charles Kimber, is 'for ever with the Lord.' Yes, we are all marching, and we soon all shall pass

> 'Beyond this vale of tears,
> Beyond these bounds of Time.'

Death will, must come, but death has lost its sting for the child of God. On earth we shall see our beloved brother no more, his voice, once so precious to us as he read God's word, prayed or spoke, is now hushed in that perfect sleep which the Lord Jesus Christ gives to all His saints. He has said 'Good-night, all well,' and we respond,

> 'Sleep on, beloved, sleep and take thy rest,
> Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast,
> We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best,
> Good-night.
>
> 'Only "good-night," beloved, not "farewell";
> A little while, and all His saints shall dwell
> In hallowed union, indivisible.
> Good-night.
>
> 'Until we meet again before His Throne,
> Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
> Until we know even as we are known,
> Good-night.'"

On the 19th of October, 1901, a simple Service was held at St. Stephen's Church, Wandsworth, in memory of Lieut. Charles Dixon Kimber, and of his Mother. The Service was conducted by the Vicar, the Rev. Aylmer Rouse, M.A., and the late Vicar, the Rev. Christopher Carruthers, M.A., an old friend of the family, and was largely attended by many of their relatives and friends.

IN MEMORIAM.

LIEUT. CHARLES KIMBER.

"He asked life of Thee and Thou gavest it him, even long life for ever and ever."

The trumpet blew for distant war,
And he, while loved ones plead,
Cries to their tears, "Hold me not back,
Shame were it should our England lack
Help in her hour of need.

"Farewell, dear home and native land,
Dear friends and wife to be!
I go to fight, perchance to die,
But all our lives are ruled on High
And God is still with me."

War's toils he knew—the lonely watch,
The captive's weary lot;
But still he witnessed, "Not alone
I tread the paths with peril strewn;
My God forsakes me not."

And faithful to his task he stayed,
While months of peril passed,
And hearts grew sick with hope deferred,
Longing to hear the thrilling word,
"Home, soldiers, home at last!"

"Now, surely soon the task is o'er,
How sweet to tread thy sod,
Dear England! free from coward blame;"
Swift, sharp, the bullet's message came,
"Home, soldier, to thy God!"

Yes, home to Him who was thy stay
Through all the weary strife,
Life! did we ask? He gives it thee—
Long life from toil and sorrow free,
A perfect, endless life.

Like Him, who living, lived to bless,
And dying, died to save;
Can they ask more who loved thee best,
Than leave to write above thy rest
"A hero-warrior's grave."

And oh, might every soldier tread
The path that thou hast trod;
Not only brave when bullets ring,
Not only true to flag and King,
But true to faith and God.

G. B. H. B.

LONDON:
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46 & 47, LONDON WALL, AND CLIFTON HOUSE, WORSHIP STREET, E.C.

OUR SOLDIERS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

What it is Proposed to do.

THE South Africa General Mission has been working amongst the soldiers stationed in South Africa for the past eleven years. Homes have been established in Cape Town, Wynberg, and Pietermaritzburg—at the latter place a small house has been rented. The Council of the South Africa General Mission are very desirous of establishing fresh Homes in given centres in order to continue and extend the work that has been so much blessed in the past. £14,000 is at present needed by the Mission in order to carry out this desire. It is proposed to somewhat alter their very valuable building in Johannesburg, which is in a very central position, making it most suitable for a "Home," and yet retaining the Hall for meetings—this would cost £1,200.

£3,000 would be needed for the Pretoria "Home," where, it would appear, there will be a large permanent garrison stationed. The "Home" would be in the town with "Prayer Rooms" in the different camps round the outside of the town.

£3,000 would be required for a Home at Bloemfontein, or Kimberley, with out-stations. A further £3,000 will be needed for the purpose of putting up "Prayer Rooms" at eight of the larger camps that will be scattered over the country. About £4,000 would build and equip the much-needed "Home" in Natal, and erect three out-stations.

Since the war commenced the Mission has expended some £4,000 to £5,000 on work amongst the soldiers in South Africa.

These Soldiers' Homes are now so well known to friends in the Homeland that it is hardly necessary to speak of the important part they now fulfil in the life of a soldier. Reading and recreation rooms, the value of which cannot be over estimated, refreshment bars, etc., with the important meetings that are held every week in connection with these "Homes," are some of the advantages that are offered to men who are stationed in our different garrison towns—the aim being to make "a Home away from Home" for those who are serving, and have served, our King and country with such grand courage and devotion.

It is some one special part of these Homes to be erected that will be known as the "CHARLES KIMBER MEMORIAL," according to the funds accruing from the sale of this book.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE WORK OF - - - THE S.A.G.M. - - - -

THE threefold aim of the South Africa General Mission is to evangelize the heathen, to rouse the Christian Church to a holier life, and to aid existing Evangelical Missions and Churches. The scope of its work has rapidly spread amongst Europeans, Natives, and Jews in South Africa. The workers are dependent for the most part on the free-will offerings of God's people for their support. The management of the affairs of the Mission is undertaken by a Council in London, assisted by an Executive in South Africa.

In CAPE TOWN and suburbs there are two Soldiers' Homes, a Sailors' Rest, and a Book Depôt. Gospel Services, Holiness, Prayer, and other Meetings are held at the Homes. Workers are employed in visiting and holding special missions in the TOWNS, VILLAGES, HAMLETS, and MISSION STATIONS scattered in the different districts. There has been *much* blessing in connection with this branch of the work. In PONDOLAND, eight missionaries are at present stationed at two stations, NKANGA and LUKANYISWENI. In BOMVANALAND and TEMBULAND some eleven workers are receiving encouragement in their work amongst the natives. In BASUTOLAND, the French Mission is being assisted in the hitherto inaccessible mountainous districts. Twelve workers are working in stations amongst the 60,000 Swazies in SWAZIELAND. In JOHANNESBURG and DURBAN there has been much blessing going on amongst both Europeans and Natives. Three workers are stationed amongst the Zulus at INGOGO, and six are working amongst the Zulus round ST. LUCIA BAY. At PIETERMARITZBURG there is a third Soldiers' Home.

Three workers are hard at work in GAZALAND, and two at KASAWA, north of the ZAMBESI. The Jews, who form one-fifth of the population in JOHANNESBURG, have had definite work done amongst them. Arrangements are in progress whereby this work may be more fully developed in the future. Some hundred workers are thus scattered over South Africa doing aggressive work.

Income for 12 Months, ending 31st March, 1901.

Receipts by Home Treasurer... ...	**£13,295**
Receipts in South Africa—	
By Southern and Northern Branch	**5,838**
By S.E. Branch	**1,791**
Total	**£20,924**

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"'At Modder River' was given me by a friend some days ago. I read "it with thanksgiving, admiration, and love. I bless God for the work it "pictures, and the manifest blessing upon it. The little book has helped my "own soul. And it helps me to a strong assurance that the Lord is indeed not "forgetting us in this dark time.

"*Cambridge.* Professor HANDLEY C. G. MOULE, D.D.

Feb. 3rd, 1900."

"I have been deeply interested by the most touching narrative of those "devoted servants of God, and of their fellow-men. Though no Victoria Cross "may be given to them, they will receive a glorious crown, and a great reward "from the King Himself. Rev. H. E. FOX, M.A.,

Hon. Sec. Church Missionary Society."

"This time of national anxiety has more blessing behind it than most of us "think. It is a God-given opportunity, both to the nation and to the Christian "Church. Especially it is the opportunity of carrying the Gospel message to "our soldiers and sailors in South Africa. The little book you sent is most "interesting and convincing on this point. May it have a wide circulation. "Your agents have the sympathy of Christian Officers in high command at the "front—they know how to address men, they are themselves taught of God; "may your Society multiply them, and be able to tell of still greater blessing.

"*Blackheath.* Rev. A. E. BARNES-LAWRENCE, M.A.

Feb. 12th, 1900."

"I have read the booklets, 'At Ladysmith,' and 'With General "Buller's Force in Natal' with much interest, and I fully appreciate the "good and noble work which has been carried on with such untiring zeal and "devotion amongst our soldiers by the members of the South Africa General "Mission.

"Field-Marshal EARL ROBERTS, V. C.,

"*War Office.* K.P., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.

Feb. 18th, 1901.

"All who take an interest in the welfare of our Army must cordially "approve of the good work being done amongst our soldiers in South Africa "by your Mission. From my heart I wish the South Africa General Mission "every success in its efforts to help men whom I know to be so well deserving "of it.

"Field-Marshal VISCOUNT WOLSELEY, K.P.,

"*London.*" G.C.B., G.C.M.G., F.R.G.S., Etc."

"Many thanks for the booklet, 'THE SURROUNDING OF CRONJE,' which "you have kindly sent me. I thoroughly appreciate and am glad to testify to the "splendid work done by Mr. James Taylor and the late Mr. Ion Smith, whose "sad death was a great loss to the garrison at Ladysmith. The zeal and "devotion of the members of the South Africa General Mission cannot fail to "have any but the best results on our soldiers in the field, and I have the highest "admiration of their work.

"*London.*" LIEUT.-GEN. SIR GEORGE WHITE, V.C.,
April 18th, 1900." G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E."

"I have read with much interest what your missionaries are doing at "Modder River and elsewhere. It will delight many hearts at home to know "that their sons and friends have not only those who are lovingly attending their "bodies, but also ready to give spiritual help. God bless them a hundredfold.

"*London.*" THE RIGHT HON. LORD KINNAIRD."

"I have read with much pleasure the little booklet entitled 'AT MODDER "RIVER.' One feels very thankful that there are those among the 'Volunteers' "for the front who are so well fitted to minister to the wants, bodily and "spiritual, of our troops as the workers connected with your Mission.

"*Edinburgh.*" SIR ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, BART.
OF SUCCOTH."

"Many thanks for sending me your little booklet, 'AT MODDER RIVER. "The work of your agents as there described is beyond all praise. It is "delightful to see how their few words of Faith and Love are valued by the "men, not only in the 'Homes,' but even on the battlefield, and by the officers "also. God prosper your efforts

"*Edinburgh.*" SIR WILLIAM MUIR, K.C.S.I., D.C.L."

"I have read with much interest the little book entitled 'AT MODDER "RIVER.' It gives a most graphic description of the stirring incidents of the "battlefield, and reveals Christian workers in the forefront of the fighting line, "nobly braving death in their Master's cause whilst ministering to the "wounded and dying.

"*Government House,* SIR FREDERICK CARDEW."
Sierra Leone."

"I think your little book, 'AT MODDER RIVER,' most stimulating and "encouraging.

"*Westminster, S.W.*" SAMUEL SMITH, M.P."

"The little booklet, 'AT MODDER RIVER,' is excellent, and it deserves a "wide circulation. Its charm consists in reporting FACTS as to what the agents "of the S.A.G.M. are doing by God's grace for God in the field—and the facts "are stated without any padding. I have circulated hundreds.

COLONEL J. F. MORTON (late Commanding 2nd Border
"*Mildmay.*" Regiment)."

"'AT MODDER RIVER' has interested me much. It shows how much two "consecrated men can do when constrained by 'The Love of Christ.' It also "shows how much our soldiers and sailors appreciate Christian sympathy and "help. What a comfort also it must be to parents and wives, who have loved "ones at the front, to know that besides the Chaplains there are men moving in "and out among the wounded and others, trying to assuage suffering, and "pointing all to Christ. CAPT. THE HON. R. MORETON.'

"I have read with pleasure your lovely booklet, 'AT MODDER RIVER,' and "thank God for such zealous Christian workers endued with such cool courage "and ready resource. May God bless the S.A.G.M. abundantly, and send you "much support for your work.

"*Redhill.*" GENERAL HATT-NOBLE."

"I have been delighted with the very interesting account of work at the "front given in the booklet, 'AT MODDER RIVER'—work of the most useful "kind, nobly and bravely undertaken; and which, with so much other good "work of the South Africa General Mission, deserves the warm and prayerful "support of Christian people at home.

"*Woking.*" COL. E. OWEN HAY, R.A."

"It is delightful to read of such work among the soldiers. God grant it "His richest blessing.

"*London.*" EUGENE STOCK, C.M.S."

"Your little booklet, 'AT MODDER RIVER,' is most thrilling, and I cannot "imagine anything that will bring greater comfort to the sorrowing and "anxious ones at home, than to learn how many of God's faithful servants "are thus ministering to the souls and bodies of their loved soldier sons and "brothers at the front.

"*Wimbledon.*" COLONEL DOUGLAS JONES, R.A."

"I think your booklet, 'AT MODDER RIVER,' tells of admirable work, and "rejoice to know that such men as Mr. Huskisson, Mr. Darrol, and others of "your Mission are at work amongst our troops.

"*Blackheath.*" COLONEL W. G. W. ROBINSON, C.B."

"I was very much interested in reading the little book, 'AT MODDER "RIVER," and seeing what good work your missionaries were doing at the front. "When I read it, I ordered some copies and have sent them to several friends, "who said they had already seen them, so that the booklet seems to be having "a wide circulation.

"*Westwick.*" LIEUT.-COL. L. G. FAWKES, R.A.'

"I consider that your booklet, 'AT MODDER RIVER,' gives an excellent "report of the Christ-like work which is being carried on for the benefit (both "of soul and body) of our soldiers who are now at the front.

"*Monkstown.*" LIEUT.-COL. C. E. LEFROY, 6th Batt. Rifle Brigade."

"'AT MODDER RIVER' is a graphic and excellent description of the "S.A.G.M. work amongst soldiers in South Africa, and must commend the "Mission to both officers and men; if all the agents are as wisely chosen as "Mr. Huskisson and Mr. Darrol, they cannot fail to do inestimable good, "temporal as well as spiritual.

"*Chatham.*" COLONEL F. F. DITMAS, R.A."

"I have read your booklet, 'AT MODDER RIVER,' and was more than "interested in it. The good work done among our soldiers eternity only will "reveal.

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"I have read with much interest your booklet 'AT MODDER RIVER,' which so admirably describes your work among our soldiers at the front. It would "be well if it could be widely circulated, and am sure all who take an interest "in our soldiers would be grateful as they read it, and ready to support a work "which is doing so much on their behalf, both in peace and war.

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"*Southsea.*" MAJOR C. DE WINTON, Hampshire Regt."

"I have read 'AT MODDER RIVER' with the greatest interest. Please "send me some more copies to send friends. The spiritual work done among "our soldiers in South Africa should be widely known and prayed for.

"*Norwood.*" MAJOR G. MACKINLAY, late R.A."

"The little book is intensely interesting. Thank God for such workers and "for His blessing. The circulation of the booklet must do great good. May "you be much encouraged.

"CAPTAIN W. H. DAWSON, late Inniskilling Dragoons."

"Your little booklet, 'AT LADYSMITH,' is most interesting, and well deserves "a large circulation. I was present in the various engagements till wounded "near Pieters, on 23rd February, and I can testify to the good work which is "being done alike in Camp, Battlefield, and Hospital by the earnest workers "who are labouring for Christ among our troops in South Africa. May God's "blessing be upon your little book.

"*Guildford.*" MAJOR H. P. TREEBY, East Surrey Regiment.

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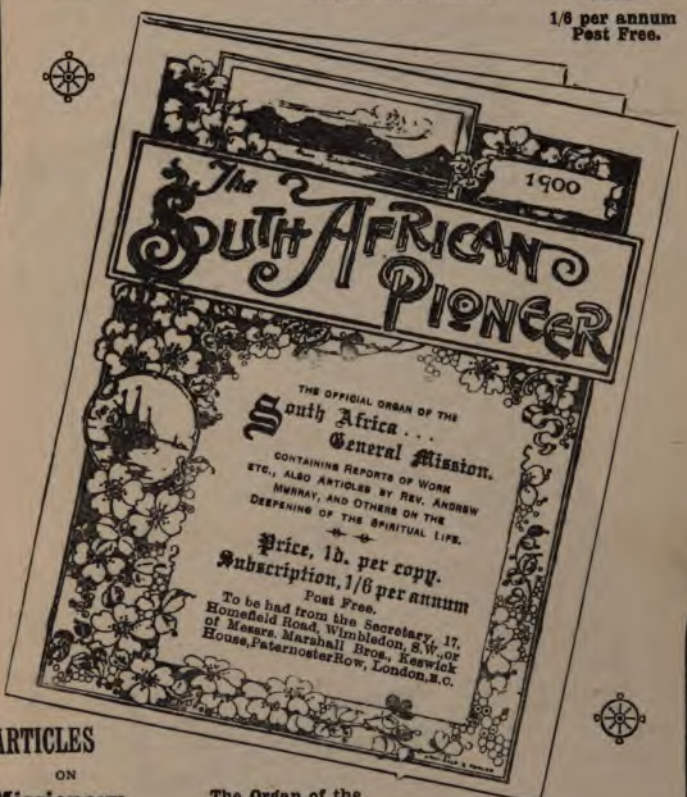
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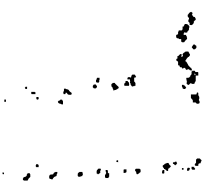

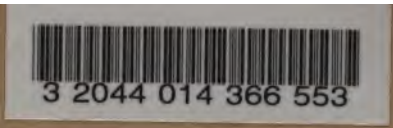

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